

THE ACADEMY.

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By order,
FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the CHAIR of MATHEMATICS (PURE and APPLIED), now vacant in this College. The Council will elect on December 10th. The last date for receiving applications will be announced next week.—For further particulars apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A., Secretary and Registrar.
Bangor, November 3rd, 1896.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

The TENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING will be held in the HALL of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 3, HANOVER SQUARE, on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, at 4 p.m. The President, Sir JOHN FOWLER, Bart., K.C.M.G., will take the Chair, and Prof. PETRIE and Mr. HOWARTH will address the Meeting. Tickets of Admission may be obtained at the Office of the Fund, 37, Great Russell Street, W.C.

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The PROFESSORSHIP of GERMAN (including Middle and Old High German and Gothic) will be vacant at the end of this Term. APPLICATIONS, with one copy of testimonials, to be sent by November 21st, to the Honorary Secretary, at the College, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

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WITH the appearance of this number, I cease to be Editor of the ACADEMY, after a term of nearly sixteen years. I take the present opportunity of thanking my contributors, correspondents, and subscribers—and, I would add, my printers—for the support they have always extended to me in my endeavour to conduct this journal, so far as circumstances permitted, on the principles laid down by the late Dr. Appleton, on its foundation in October 1869.

JAS. S. COTTON.

NOTICE.

WITH the issue of next Saturday, Nov. 14, the ACADEMY will be considerably enlarged in size. New type will be employed throughout, and improvements will be made in the technicalities of the paper. The Editor will seek to develop rather than to alter those traditional features which have distinguished the ACADEMY during the past twenty-seven years; but modern literature will be treated more in the modern spirit than has hitherto been considered advisable. In order to represent adequately the academic side of the ACADEMY, so striking a feature of the paper throughout its history, it is proposed to issue occasional supplements of a purely academic and educational character. It is hoped that this new departure will be welcomed by scholars, learned societies, and associations; it has already received hearty commendation from many high authorities at home and abroad. Papers of special literary interest will be included in the issue for next week, which will also contain a brief account of the ACADEMY during the past quarter of a century. Arrangements have been made to publish each week an example from the admirable collection of portraits of men of letters in the National Portrait Gallery. These reproductions, of which the first will be Gerard Honthorst's portrait of Ben Jonson, will be separately printed on specially prepared paper.

LITERATURE.

The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart.
By Andrew Lang. In 2 vols. (Nimmo.)

THE author's aim in these volumes has been to exhibit in its true light—that in which the correspondence best reveals it—a strong but singularly complex and difficult character: to depict Lockhart as he really was, not as, heretofore, he has loomed towards us through the old fog of "hostile report and erroneous legend." Mr. Lang has discharged a troublesome, but to him doubtless congenial, task with his wonted tact, dexterity, and grace. Out of materials which include the Abbotsford and Milton Lockhart MSS., Lockhart's letters to Jonathan H. Christie and Henry H. Milman, and the brief but interesting Lockhart-Carlyle correspondence, he has elaborated a portrait such as may fitly "take, in the gallery of great Englishmen (including Scots) of letters, the place of a shadowy set of caricatures." Mr. Lang excuses the defensive tone of certain of his pages, on the grounds that Lockhart "has been so vehemently attacked and so often unjustly misrepresented." No excuse, perhaps, was needed. So long as it leads to neither wilful suppression nor distortion of fact, a certain relish of the champion—a certain tinge of combativeness—is, surely, rather a merit than a fault in the biographer. Impartiality, however laudable in the abstract, is in practice apt to generate—where it does not proceed from—apathy and indifference: as, indeed, the history of the word "indifference" itself sufficiently shows. Mr. Lang throughout puts the case for Lockhart as forcibly as he is able; but he nowhere attempts to conceal or evade awkward facts, and wherever Lockhart's conduct is clearly blameworthy he frankly acknowledges as much, without attempting to "palliate or smile away" the wrongdoing.

Lockhart derived his gentry in all probability from the loyal and distinguished house, Lockhart of Lee, itself an offshoot from the parent stock already settled at Symington, in Upper Lanarkshire, in 1153. The family line can be retraced without a break to Sir Stephen Lockhart, of Cleghorn (1440), who

"was armour-bearer to James III., adhered to the king in the rebellion which ended in that monarch's death near Bannockburn, was member for Lanarkshire in 1491, and was altogether a stirring and notable man."

A later ancestor, Robert Lockhart of Birkhill, fought for the Covenant and commanded the Whigs at the battle of Bothwell Brig, his brother Walter bearing arms under Claverhouse for the king. Lockhart was thus a child of the suffering, yet lovely, Remnant—a fact not without significant bearing upon his disputes with the scoffers of the *Edinburgh Review*. "Nothing in Lockhart's perplexing character," says Mr. Lang, "can, with our present knowledge, be explained by inheritance from his father and mother." His father, the Rev. John Lockhart, D.D., minister of Cambusnethan, and, later (1796), of the College Kirk of Glasgow, was the second son of William (grandson of Robert the Covenanter), laird

of Birkhill and (in right of his wife, Violet Inglis) of the lands of East Sheil and Corehouse. In those days the ministry was still held to be a suitable profession for the cadets of the landed gentry. Dr. Lockhart was learned, but his ways of thinking were those of the old, stringent, *borné* Presbyterian school; and thus it was inevitable that his son, from the date of his entrance upon university life, should, on many matters of opinion and feeling, drift farther and farther away from the paternal standpoint. At the age of nineteen, when, having taken his degree, he was confronted with the problem of his future, Lockhart had (as long afterwards he wrote to his son Walter) "no relation capable of understanding the case or of advising me judiciously." Later on, it does not appear that either father or mother showed a lively interest in his literary work. This early estrangement, albeit rather intellectual than spiritual, was a real grief to Lockhart, who beyond ordinary men cherished the pieties of home, and remained to the end tenderly and devoutly attached to both his parents. Up to the time of his commencing residence at Balliol—whither, in October, 1809, the lad of fifteen, in a round schoolboy's jacket, came up with a Snell exhibition—Lockhart lived under his father's roof in Glasgow, attending the High School from his sixth to his twelfth year (1799-1805), and passing thence in 1805 to the university, where, apparently in his fourteenth year, he won the Blackstone medal for Greek. Already he was a caricaturist, and showed an utter insensibility to the pain at times inflicted by the sallies of his extravagant and erring pencil—an insensibility which, unhappily, appears to have characterised him throughout his life.

Lockhart's undergraduate years were happy, well spent, and uneventful—employed in getting literature and gaining friends. Among these were Jonathan H. Christie; James Traill (Christie's second in the duel with John Scott); Alex. Nicoll, afterwards Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church; "Caradoc" or "Taffey" (Archdeacon) Williams, who officiated at Sir Walter's burial; Sir William Hamilton; and G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces.

"All Lockhart's undergraduate companions except Scott, who died early, and Sir W. Hamilton, remained his close and constant friends for life. From Sir W. Hamilton alone he was estranged, for some reason which neither could ever bear to mention. 'I know not what miserable provincial differences ultimately broke their friendship,' says Mr. Christie. 'Lockhart more than once began to tell me the story, but the subject was too painful to him, and he always broke off without finishing. Hamilton, as far as I know, was the only friend Lockhart ever lost, but his admiration and his real affection for him, I well know, never ceased.'

"This is very strong testimony to Lockhart's power of gaining affection, and to his own loyalty. The man is, indeed, both true-hearted and fortunate whom neither death bereaves nor temper or circumstance deprives of those friends who made the happiness of his youth, and with whose memory, when death divides us, it is dearer to dwell than in the society of the living. . . . It is touching to see how,

throughout life, they who had met as boys at Balliol stood by each other in good and evil, 'fall back, fall edge,' ever helpful, loyal, and united."

In the unbroken persistence of these early camaraderies will be found the most effectual reply to the delirious calumnies of the Martineaus, Gilfillans, and the Sumners, as well as to the more specious innuendoes of Mrs. Gordon, who could find it in her heart to write thus touching the letters of her father's constant friend: "They are as characteristic of his satirical powers as any of those off-hand caricatures that shred his best friends to pieces"; and could complain (without the faintest justification) that "the gay coteries of London society injured Lockhart's interest in the old friends who had worked hand in hand with him in Edinburgh." Thus was Lockhart wounded in the house of his friends. "No charge," says Mr. Gleig, "could be more ungenerous or unjust than that Lockhart forgot, amid the blandishments of fashionable life, the claims of old friendships, or even of ties less sacred." Of his intellectual gains during these undergraduate years (1809-1813), let it suffice to say that, while reading freely and widely in the ancient classics, he found time to study the Elizabethans, and to learn something of the literatures of France, Italy, and Spain. He also acquired Portuguese, and laid the foundation of his knowledge of German. "In a word," says Mr. Lang, "he qualified himself for the profession of letters in a manner now very unusual. His knowledge was already such as befits a critic."

In 1813 Lockhart graduated with a first class; but in those days the Balliol fellowships were closed to Scotchmen, and Lockhart, at nineteen, was forced to return, for the time, to his family, and to cast about him for a suitable profession. For the next two years he remained at Glasgow, "poor, lonely, almost aimless, without companions interested in his interests, learning to scorn things and men contemptible enough—to him too easy a lesson." He seems, during these momentous and stormy years, to have been almost wholly cut off from the main current of events in politics, literature, and society.

"After getting his class, Lockhart was remote from the mundane movement, and was living in a society which shared none of his interests. He knew little of the men with whom his own name was to be mixed, and he often knew that little wrong, a cause of errors which still hang heavily on his reputation as a critic. When he went to Edinburgh in 1815, he was affected by the violent prejudices of politics in a small but intellectually active set—prejudices which were carried into literature. Had Lockhart been able to betake himself to the English Bar . . . he would have escaped many prejudices, ignorances, and consequent violence. Through his friend Christie . . . he would probably have become one of the set of Keats, Rice, Reynolds, his own friend Gleig, Bailey, and the rest. He might even have been found inditing sonnets to Leigh Hunt, and supping with Lamb, Haydon, and Hazlitt. His politics and his feud with many of these men was an affair of ignorance and accidental associations in Edinburgh. On the other hand, though Lockhart's life might have been more peaceful, and, in literature, more happily productive, had he gone to London, he never would have been in that case

the son-in-law, the friend, and the biographer of Scott."

In November, 1815, Lockhart came to Edinburgh, where he found (as he says) "poets as plentiful as blackberries," and three or four quarto-makers at every dinner party of a dozen. Here he speedily won a place in the leading society of the city; here, too—an event fraught with disastrous results to his peace—he made a new friend, John Wilson, who was poetising, fishing, carousing—doing everything, in short, save practising at the Bar. In December, 1816, Lockhart was called, and for the next few months, says Mr. Lang, passed his time merrily—"dining out, giving dinners, dancing, drawing caricatures, and taking part in the daily babble of the briefless round the stove of the Parliament House." In the vacation of 1817 he went to Germany, attended Fichte's lectures, and met Goethe at Weimar, his travelling expenses being defrayed with £300, which William Blackwood, whose acquaintance he had already made, advanced him for a job in translation to be done later on.* He returned to find Blackwood's recent venture, the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, abruptly discontinued, the editors, Pringle and Cleghorn, dismissed, and Blackwood himself busied, with the aid of Wilson, in remodelling his serial for a new issue (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, begun October, 1817). Lockhart, eager at once to justify and to requite Blackwood's generous confidence in him, gladly consented to lend a hand; and thus in an evil hour was formed the connexion with *Maga*, "the mother of mischief."

Why did Lockhart, through all the trouble that ensued, cleave so obstinately to *Blackwood's Magazine*?

"The mere attraction of mischief should soon have worn off; but from Wilson and *Blackwood's* Lockhart seemed unable to tear himself. . . . Several times he thought of breaking with her [*Maga*], now in deference to Christie and Sir Walter; now in some temporary displeasure with Mr. Blackwood. . . . But he always 'fell to his old love again.' He occasionally attributes this to regard for Mr. Blackwood, and, besides, the payment for his articles was highly necessary to him. But he could have employed his pen elsewhere, though nowhere with such freedom. The love of mischief, as Haydon says, was, no doubt, one cause of his constancy. But a freedom only trammelled by Mr. Blackwood was very prejudicial to both Wilson and Lockhart. The former is said often to have repented of his articles, when the proofs had just gone beyond recall. The latter assuredly repented, and tried to make amends in his after life. To love of mischief, of freedom to indulge caprice, to friendship for Wilson, and regard for Mr. Blackwood, one may most plausibly attribute Lockhart's stormy, and often regretted, but never broken constancy to *Maga*."

This is plain speaking; but unfortunately Mr. Lang does not always sound so clear a note. Elsewhere he observes:

"Lockhart's excesses are like those of a

* On the general subject of Lockhart's relations with Blackwood, we would refer those interested to an article in the November number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, evidently from the pen of the veteran author to whom has been entrusted the task of writing a formal history of the dynasty of Edinburgh publishers.—ED. ACADEMY.

sober man who, finding himself in riotous company, conforms himself to their humour. One can imagine that within himself he cherished a proud disdain of the frays in which he figured, and of the work to which he lent his hand (i. p. 137). . . . In Gifford, with many better things, Lockhart notes 'ill-natured abuse and cold, rancorous railery. . . . He is exquisitely formed for the purposes of political oburgation, but not at all for those of gentle and universal criticism.' *Gentle and universal criticism* of the masters of literature, not of contemporaries, for that end Lockhart was formed. But, in the main, he took the world and the press as he found them, and, with a stoical disdain that verged on cynicism, he subdued his hand to that it worked in." (i. p. 170).

Again, he observes of Baron von Lauerwinkels (Lockhart's) "Remarks on the Periodical Criticism of England" (*Maga*, March, 1818):

"This admirable essay it is which justifies the opinion that in the reserved and lofty centre of his genius Lockhart regarded all the bickerings and feuds of literary people with impartial disdain."

And he quotes admiringly Lockhart's definition of the ideal reviewer:

"If the world shall ever possess a perfect reviewer, like Shakspeare, he will be universal, impartial, rational. . . . He will have divine intellect and human feeling so blended within him that he shall sound, with equal facility, the soul of a Hamlet and the heart of a Juliet. What a being would this be! Compared with him the present critics of England are either satirical buffoons, like Foote and Aristophanes, or they are truculent tragedians, like the author of 'The Revenge.'"

"Here," comments his biographer—

"here we listen to the real Lockhart, and are admitted to the region above the polished threshold of his disdain. He descends, he moves among the crew of 'satirical buffoons,' and shares their pranks as if the Lady in 'Comus' had frolicked with the rout of reveling Fauns and Sileni. Here we are with that Lockhart whom Scott loved, whom Carlyle praised, not with the Companion of the Leopard and the great Boar from the forest of Lebanon."

Now, similes may easily be stretched too far, and we must be on our guard against overstraining these of the "sober man" and the lady in "Comus." They are not designed (though they undoubtedly seem) to imply that Lockhart, when he joined in the vulgar horseplay of the "buffoons," or ranted in company with the "truculent tragedians" of his day, was disdainfully masquerading in a character uncongenial and abhorrent to his own true self. As a matter of fact, there can be no doubt that Lockhart's dagger-strokes in *Maga* were dealt largely to gratify a predatory instinct, which, however unlovely, was just as native to the "real Lockhart" as his filial piety, or his loyalty to friends. Along with all the deep tenderness and shrinking reserve of his complex character, there coexisted a certain savage strain—a thread of the hawk, if not of the scorpion; and, what was still more deplorable, the hawk is of the French breed—"ready to fly at anything it sees." He is not content with striking at the big quarry—the buzzards and cranes—the Playfairs and Sidney Smiths, but he must needs stoop upon the Cockney "sparrers"—Keats, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt—and even

upon the "rats and mice and such small deer" of the *Scotsman*. From his youth up Lockhart had shown an arrogant intolerance of fools—in particular, of the ignorance that dons the garb of learning. Witness the cruel trick he played upon the Balliol tutor, who, without possessing the needful erudition, desired to figure before the class as a Hebraist. Witness, too, the following letter written in 1812 in reference to a recent election to the Edinburgh chair of Hebrew:

"Could the fat descendant of the — be so presuming as to stand against one of the very first Oriental scholars in Europe, on the strength of a little ill-digested Latin and Greek, and about as much Hebrew, I daresay, as his Aunt Betty? O, Vanity! If I might quote Latin to you, *Ne tutor, &c.* Let Mr. Davy stick to the West Kirk, and the auld wives, and the *Religious Monitor*. But Hebrew Professorships, worthy man!"

Is not this the hand that six years later was to admonish "Johnny Keats" (on the very same grounds of pretended learning): "So, back to the shop, Mr. John; stick to 'plasters, pills, ointment-boxes,' &c."? Scott saw and deplored what he gently but firmly pointed out to Lockhart, the impudence and ill-taste of these splenetic outbreaks. In July, 1820, he wrote to his son-in-law touching what Mr. Lang calls "Lockhart's wild war-whoop over Wilson's success" (*i.e.*, "The Testimonium," written after Wilson's election to the Edinburgh chair of moral philosophy):

"I wish you had not published the 'Testimonium.' It is very clever, but descends to too low game. If Jeffrey, or Cranston, or any of the dignitaries, chose to fight such skirmishes there would be some credit in it; but I do not like to see you turn out as a sharpshooter with —. 'What dost thou drawn among these heartless hinds?' For my part, I vow to God I would rather fight a duel with an actual scavenger than enter into controversy with such fellows. . . . I have hitherto avoided saying anything on this subject, though some little turn towards personal satire is, I think, the only drawback to your great and powerful talents, and I think I may have hinted as much to you. . . . Remember, it is to the *personal* satire I object, and to the horseplay of your railery, as well as the mean objects on whom it is wasted. . . . Revere yourself, my dear boy, and think you were born to do your country better service than in this species of warfare. I make no apology (I am sure you will require none) for speaking plainly what my anxious affection dictates. . . . I wish you to have the benefit of my experience without purchasing it; and be assured that the consciousness of attaining complete superiority over your calumniators by the force of your general character is worth a dozen triumphs over them by the force of wit and railery."

These extracts from Scott's letter—an important one, first published by Mr. Lang—enable us to judge how far Scott "encouraged" (as Cockburn affirms) the satirical excursions of *Maga*. We must now quote what Lockhart long afterwards (1838) wrote to Haydon in extenuation of his "early literary escapades":

"They were bad enough, but not so bad as you make them out. In the first place, I was a raw boy, who had never had the least connexion either with politics or controversies of any kind, when arriving in Edinburgh in October,

1817, I found John Wilson (ten years my senior) busied in helping Blackwood out of a scrape he had got into with some editors of his magazine; and on Wilson's asking me to try my hand at some squibberies in his aid, I sat down to do so, with as little malice as if the assigned subject had been the Court of Pekin. But the row in Edinburgh, the lordly Whigs having considered *persiflage* as their own fee-simple, was really so extravagant that, when I think of it now, the whole story seems wildly incredible. Wilson and I were singled out to bear the whole burden of sin, though there were abundance of other criminals in the concern, and, by and by, Wilson passing for being a very eccentric fellow, and I for a cool one, even he was allowed to get off comparatively scot-free; while I, by far the youngest and least experienced of the set, and who alone had no personal grudges against any of Blackwood's victims, remained under such an accumulation of wrath and contumely as would have crushed me utterly, unless for the buoyancy of extreme youth. I now think with deep sadness of the pain my jibes and jokes inflicted on men better than myself, and I can say that I have omitted in my mature years no opportunity of trying to make reparation where I really had been the offender. But I was not the doer of half the deeds even you seem to set down to my account. . . . I believe the only individuals whom Blackwood ever really and essentially injured were myself and Wilson. Our feelings and happiness were disturbed and shattered in consequence of that connexion. I was punished cruelly and irremediably in my worldly fortunes, for the outcry cut off all prospects of professional advancement from me. . . . Thus I lost an honourable profession, and had, after a few years of withering hopes, to make up my mind for embracing the precarious and, in my opinion, intolerably grievous fate of the dependent on literature. It is true that I now regard this, too, with equanimity, but that is only because I have undergone so many disappointments of every kind, crowned by an irreparable bereavement, that I really have lost the power of feeling acutely on any subject connected with my own worldly position."

In his comments on this letter, Mr. Lang enters on Lockhart's behalf a plea of guilty with extenuating circumstances:

"In a matter where the chief sinners, both publicly and privately, in later years, 'took blame to themselves,' an *apologia* cannot now be offered. . . . At best we can put ourselves in the position of the culprits, try to see things and men as they must have seen them: make allowance for prejudice, for the manners of the age, for the vivacities of youth. When all this is done there abides an amount of wrong which is not to be palliated, not to be smiled away."

Coming now to the specific charges brought against him in connexion with *Maga*, we rejoice to learn that Lockhart was not the author of the atrocious attack on Coleridge (October, 1817), nor, indeed, of any of the personal assaults on "the Lakers." In this matter Mrs. Gordon vainly endeavours to exculpate her father at the expense of his junior comrade. Mr. Lang cannot tell us who wrote the critique on *Endymion*, &c., in the "Cockney School Series" (No. 4, August, 1818); but we have to thank him for finally disposing of the absurd rumour that Scott aided in concocting these pasquinades, and for pointing out that, assuming Lockhart to have been Keats's direct assailant, there is no ground for the charge that in the course of his strictures he betrayed any confidence of Bailey's. Both these notions are countenanced in

Mr. Sidney Colvin's *Life of Keats* (1887), though in his *Letters of John Keats* (1891) Mr. Colvin speaks of the suspicion regarding Scott as "a mere delusion." To describe the diatribe on Keats as "a felon stroke" ("Life," p. 123) is surely to fall into hyperbole. No doubt the writer's tone is truculent and contemptuous enough, but it is suavity itself when compared with that of the admonitions addressed in earlier articles to Leigh Hunt. Besides, such horseplay suited the taste of the times, and was taken for lively wit, just as Byron's rant was accepted as "the true sublime." Nowadays it offends, because the rapier has superseded the bludgeon in modern wit-combats. Of all faults Lockhart most detested vanity and pretentious ignorance; and it excited his spleen that Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, should presume to write on the legends of Greece. And who will deny that in Keats's early poems, ay, and in *Endymion* itself, there are odious effeminacies caught from Leigh Hunt, and manifold instances of ignorance? Is not Keats truly Cockneyish in his use of such rhymes as "water-shorter," "dawning - morning," "monitors - laws," "ear-Cytherea," "higher-Thalia"? And does he not speak of *Neptunus* and a *penetratium*, and make *Tellus* masculine in the errata prefixed to *Endymion*? In judging "No. 4" such considerations cannot be overlooked.

"For the rest," says Mr. Lang, "Keats's temper, as to literary reviling, was as mainly as Scott's. . . . Could he have read Shelley's letter to Leigh Hunt [in which the poems of 1820, *Hyperion* alone excepted, are described as 'written in a bad sort of style, which is becoming fashionable among those who think they are imitating Wordsworth and Hunt'] it would have vexed him far more than the stungless insults of an anonymous reviewer."

Mr. Lang deplores Lockhart's connexion, "to whatever extent or degree," with No. 4. "Yet we must not judge it as if it had been the act of a man who had before him the whole of Keats's poems, or who possessed our knowledge of the fortunes and character of Keats."

The "Chaldee MS." in itself comparatively innocuous, led to what is perhaps the least defensible of Lockhart's "escapades"—his attack on the Rev. Prof. Playfair. This gentleman had been a parish minister, but had, in 1805, accepted the chair of natural philosophy in Edinburgh, and was known to be a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. "Lockhart," says Mr. Lang, "handled the learned professor as if he had been an apostate priest, allied with a band of men like those whom St. Augustine calls 'The Corruptors.'" Playfair is called "The d'Alembert of the Northern Encyclopædia," and is charged with an indecent eagerness to sink the minister on all occasions. The article is "a model of polished vigour."

"In its calm implacable logic it could only have been written by one who had thought deeply on the conditions of belief, and on the different lines of conduct open to a reluctant, an amiable, a proselytising, and a malignant sceptic."

The victim of this atrocious onslaught was an old man beloved and respected. As a

clergyman, he was precluded from calling his assailant to account in the manner then usual among gentlemen. But retribution was not far off. It is curious to find Lockhart writing in reference to Playfair:

"Of all the strange phenomena which human inconsistency has ever exposed to the gaze of the curious, one of the most amusing and absurd is the extreme aversion to being attacked, manifested on many remarkable occasions, by persons who have spent the greater part of their own lives in attacking others."

Such persons must, however, "be content, in spite of all their repugnance and all their indignation, to gather as they have sown." Two years later on he was to furnish, in his own person, a signal illustration of these scornful words. Mr. Lang has shown that John Scott's accusations against Lockhart were untrue in fact; he has vindicated Lockhart—if such vindication were needed—from all suspicion of reluctance to fight; but it does not seem to strike him that Lockhart had already so far compromised his honour by the attacks on Playfair and others, as to have, in fact, forfeited the right peremptorily to summon Scott to the arbitrament of the duel. Like those of Messrs. Pott and Slurk, these were wars which should have been decided by ink, not by blood—or if by an appeal to arms, to those of the carpet bag and the fire shovel, not of the pistol. Had Sir Walter been consulted, his counsel doubtless would have been that Lockhart should ignore the attacks of Scott, and endeavour to "attain complete superiority over his enemies and calumniators by the force of his general character." But, alas! "things bad begun make strong themselves by ill." One man, and one only, comes out of this miserable affair with unclouded credit—Jonathan Christie, Lockhart's friend, steadfast to the death.

Towards the close of 1825 came the dreary change from Chiefswood and Sir Walter, to London and Murray, Croker & Co. Lockhart's position as chief of the *Quarterly* staff carried with it many social advantages; he enjoyed a considerable share of influence, and of leisure enough for the compiling of his *magnum opus*. But he was not entirely his own master in the conduct of the *Review*; there is abundant evidence that he was perpetually hampered and worried by Croker, "an unofficial but very busy coadjutor"; by Southey, who suffered from chronic pen-diarrhoea, and kicked violently against the astringents exhibited by his editor; and by other minor members of the gang. The position, to one of Lockhart's pride, cannot have been quite an agreeable one. He was engaged, says Mr. Lang,

"in a kind of intellectual egg-dance among a score of sensitive interests. The authors reviewed not to their liking, the authors reviewed not at all, the rejected contributors, the sensitive small-fry of letters, were ready to say and believe anything evil of Lockhart."

The year 1826, big with sorrows for him and those nearest to him, went far towards breaking the spring of hope and destroying ambition in Lockhart. He soon ceased to look for advancement from his party, and devoted himself to his toilsome editorial labours—re-

signed, rather than dissatisfied. The work that nature had formed him to do—the arranging and reporting on the Stuart papers—was, owing mainly to Croker's shabby pettifoggery, never entrusted to him. He detested, but had perforce to endure, the politics of Croker and Southey—a tolerance which cost him the less because his interests were at all times literary and social, rather than political. "Alas! we are all getting old," he wrote to Murray in 1828, "and it is so difficult to whip up any interest about any subject in jaded bosoms." In May 1837 the crowning sorrow befell. Five years later, Lockhart writes to Milman of his friend and physician Fergusson, who had lost his wife:

"I was present at the funeral—and lived over again the hour in which you stood by me—but, indeed, such an hour is eternally present. After that, in every picture of life the central figure is replaced by a black blot; every train of thought terminates in the same blank gulf. I see you have been allowing yourself to dwell too near this dreary region. Escape it while the wife of your youth is still by you; in her presence no grief should be other than gentle."

From the torturing griefs and anxieties that followed—the reckless errors of his wayward boy Walter, their reconciliation after five years' estrangement, only to be succeeded by the young man's premature death—we would fain avert our eyes. "Could all be known and told," says his biographer, "it is not too much to say that Lockhart's fortitude during these last years, so black with affliction bodily and mental, was not less admirable than that of Sir Walter Scott himself."

But we have already exceeded our limits, and must needs pass unnoticed a hundred interesting things in Mr. Lang's second volume—Lockhart's correspondence with Milman, Carlyle, and Miss Edgeworth—his untiring efforts to befriend Hogg, Maginn, and the family of Theodore Hook—his relations, as editor of the *Quarterly*, with Canning and the great Duke—his critiques on Tennyson, "Byron and his Contemporaries," Mure's "Greek Literature," &c., his privately expressed opinion of *Esmond* and *Jane Eyre*, and "the tenth-rate novelist's" estimate of "the very black-guard novel *Conningsby* of Ben. Disraeli, the Jew scamp." All this and much more we must leave untouched; but, ere we close, we must quote a few words touching Lockhart's one great achievement—the *monumentum aere perennius* of himself and Sir Walter Scott. A letter of Lockhart's to Will Laidlaw (Jan. 1837), affords a sufficient reply to the stupid censures urged against the *Life* at the time of publication by Rogers *et hoc genus omne*:

"I am, I think, wiser, at least more sober, neither richer nor more likely to be rich than I was in the days of Chiefswood and Kaeside—after all our best days, I at least believe. As to politics, I am a very tranquil and indifferent observer. Perhaps, however, much of this equanimity as to passing affairs has arisen from the call which has been made on me to live with the past, bestowing for so many months all the time I could command, and all the care I have had any real heart in, upon the MS. remains of our dear friend. . . . I assure you neither Cadell nor any other person who has seen what I have done can think more lightly of my own part in the matter than I do myself.

My sole object is to do him justice, or rather to let him do himself justice, by so contriving it that he shall be, as far as possible, from first to last, his own historiographer, and I have therefore willingly expended the time that would have sufficed for writing a dozen books on what will be no more than the compilation of one.

"A stern sense of duty—that kind of sense of it which is combined with the feeling of his actual presence in a serene state of elevation above all petty terrestrial and temporary views—will induce me to touch the few darker points in his life and character as freely as the others which were so predominant; and my chief anxiety on the appearance of the book will be, not to hear what is said by the world, but what is *thought* by you and the few others who can really compare the representation as a whole with the facts of the case. . . .

"Out of these confused and painful scraps [the very last letters] I think I can contrive to put together a picture that will be highly touching of a great mind shattered, but never degraded, and always to the very last noble, as his heart continued pure and warm as long as it could beat."

Of the picture, thus composed, of Sir Walter's latter days (May 1831–Sept. 1832) Mr. Lang writes, with moving eloquence:

"The pages in which Lockhart describes Scott's daily sorrows; his struggles with *Count Robert of Paris*; the sad matter of the disturbances at Hawick and Jedburgh; the beginning of *Castle Dangerous*; the pilgrimage past Yair, Ashiestiel, Traquair (haunted ground), to the tombs of the Douglasses; the warning given by Borthwickbrae's sudden death after meeting Sir Walter at Milton Lockhart—these pages surpass all other achievements of biography. The restrained regret, the silent affection, the sorrow stoically yet sweetly borne, remind us, indeed, of lines in the 'Agricola' of Tacitus. But that masterpiece did not, and could not, exhibit the perfection of romance, the high and passionate strain of this chapter of Lockhart's, which has no rival except in the most exalted poetry. . . . It seems as if, in that darkly-guessed-at Wisdom which governs our world, Lockhart had been born to love Scott, and, beyond even that regard which Scott's works awaken in every gentle heart, to make him by all men more beloved. Lockhart has given to us a friend, the object of his own intense and undemonstrative devotion; and we, who find that even his death before our day cannot sever from our living affection the man whom, 'not having seen, we love,' owe this great debt to Lockhart, and for very gratitude, must forgive all that in him which is less noble than himself—*quia multum amavit*."

If, in the foregoing remarks, we have dealt with the man Lockhart rather than Mr. Lang's *Life* of him—with our author's topic (in one of its many aspects) rather than his mode of handling it—our excuse must be the lasting interest which the problem of Lockhart's character possesses for the reading public. As a man of letters, Lockhart is a fascinating, if not a prominent, figure in the history of the earlier half of our century; but to the majority he will never be more than the biographer of Scott, and for them the one important question concerning him will always be: Whether, when judged with all due candour and modesty, he can be pronounced to have been, on the whole, a good man. Thankful for the precious legacy he has bequeathed them, they would fain be assured that he who has thus earned their gratitude deserves no less their esteem. Mr. Lang's book

decides this point. No "white alabaster image" of Lockhart is herein erected. The unamiable errors of his earlier years are frankly avowed, while it is (justly) urged in extenuation that even the worst of these have "whatever excuse youth, ignorance, the heated political and literary passions of a small town, and the example of an elder comrade can supply." And the final verdict is thus recorded: "That would be a judgment harsher than men should judge with, which finally denied to Lockhart the character of a good man." But Mr. Lang's book is more—much more—than an inquiry concerning morals. It is a valuable study—luminous, genial, exhaustive—of Lockhart in every aspect and relation of his life. The literary criticism alone which these volumes contain would require—and repay—a separate notice. What here enhances even Mr. Lang's wonted charm of style is the pervading tone of devoted admiration for the great Minstrel, and of gratefully affectionate regard—for it amounts to no less—towards his faithful son and biographer. Those who, like the present writer, account the Life of Scott among their most intimate and precious treasures, will rejoice to find their feelings eloquently interpreted by a Scot of the Border—one of England's foremost in "gentle and universal criticism"—whose breviary (to quote his own words) the book has been from boyhood. How delightful to find Mr. Lang dwelling fondly upon the very moments in Scott's life which appeal most strongly to our heart—such as that (to select one instance) into which the romance and pathos of a whole lifetime seem crowded and epitomised (a moment surely "deep as first love and wild with all regret") when the dying poet, gazing with bodily eye upon the Lake of Avernus, the Monte Nuovo, Misenum, Baiae, and the sea, was heard to repeat "in a grave tone and with great emphasis":

"Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We daurna go a milking for Charlie and his men."

Mr. Lang is to be congratulated upon the accomplishment of a pious work. He has exploded the legend or myth of Lockhart engendered between the vanity and malevolence of contemporary scribblers; and, in doing this, he has added yet another, and that a captain jewel to the carcanet of his literary triumphs.

T. HUTCHINSON.

Personal Characteristics from French History.
By Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. (Macmillans.)

THACKERAY, who was no orator, refers somewhere, rather ruefully, to the admirable unuttered speeches that men deliver to themselves on their way home from a debating society; and there are few of us who have not, at one time or another, had to lament over the difficulty of expressing the right thing at exactly the right moment. This book of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild is a record of French sayings that did not miss fire: of sayings, well-timed and well-aimed, that flashed forth, sharp and ringing, in the conflicts of life.

No doubt sayings of the same kind are to be found, with fair profusion, in English history and legend. Instances will readily recur to everyone's memory. "What, then, shall be given to King Harold of Norway?" asks Tostig of his brother when the hostile armies of Saxon and Northmen stand embattled near Stanford Bridge; and Harold of England's reply comes straight as a sword-thrust: "Seven feet of ground, or as much more as he is taller than other men." "By the splendour of God, I have taken seizin of my kingdom; the earth of England is in my two hands?" cries the Conqueror as he stumbles in his leap upon the English shore—retrieving with ready tongue the omen which was spreading consternation among his followers. "By God, Earl, you shall either go or hang!" says Edward, in his wrath, to Roger Bigod. "By God, Sir King," retorts that undaunted worthy, "I will neither go nor hang." But if England has her store of pregnant and memorable sayings, I scarcely think she is as rich in this respect as France; and certainly the English sayings, forcible as they often are, lack for the most part the French point and fineness. For the Frenchman is a born epigrammatist, and the language he uses has, of all European languages, the keenest edge.

It must, then, be accounted to Baron Ferdinand Rothschild as a happy thought that he has seen well to make a collection of the memorable utterances in French history; and he is also to be congratulated on the really dextrous way in which he has, as it were, "set" them, not, for the most part, giving the characteristic utterances baldly, and apart from their context, but leading up to them by narrative, illustration, anecdote, or disquisition.

The record opens early with the reply of the Comte de Périgord to Hugh Capet—a reply that suggests, in truth, rather the British bludgeon than the French rapier. "Who made you a count?" asks the king in scorn. "And who made you a king?" retorts the turbulent vassal. Then come various sayings more or less noteworthy, including one of La Hire, Joan of Arc's fellow-combatant, which might be the prototype of the well-known lines of David Elginbrod: "O God," says La Hire, kneeling down on the road after absolution on his way to the siege of Montargis, "pray do for La Hire to-day what Thou wouldst that La Hire should do for Thee if he were God, and Thou wert La Hire." Another speech which has an English analogue, though it seems altogether unlikely that the speaker should have had the fallen Wolsey in his mind, is the speech of Colbert as he lay dying, in reply to a message from Louis XIV.:

"I will hear no more of the King. Let me die in peace. It is to the King of Kings I now have to answer. Had I done for God what I have done for this man, I should have found salvation ten times over, and now I do not know what will become of me."

As to the "Paris is well worth a mass" of Henry IV., our author doubts its authenticity, holding that the words "imply a cynical levity of which Henry was not likely to have been guilty." But here a

distinction has to be made. Henry may, no doubt, have been too politic to speak the words. There is nothing at all to suggest that he did not think them.

With the beginning of the reign of Louis XV., Baron Ferdinand Rothschild finds, as might, indeed, have been expected, a greater profusion of memorable sayings to record, and his comments increase notably in volume and interest. The eighteenth century in France was pre-eminently a time of epigram. Everyone with pretensions to social distinction was expected to produce his *mot*. Winged words fluttered in the air, and if they occasionally carried with them a sting, it was seldom mortal. Life was a jest with those gay generations. Nay, as often as not, death was a jest too.

"As she—Mme. de Pompadour—lay dying, and the priest having administered the Sacrament to her was bidding her farewell, she said with a smile, 'Wait a moment, M. le Curé, and we shall go out together.'"

But with the approach of the Revolution the jest turns to grimmest earnest; and it is interesting to note, as one can so readily do in these pages, how the tone of the characteristic utterance changes, partly under the influence of Rousseau, partly under stress of circumstance, as the century wears to its lurid close.

A word of commendation for the portraits that really adorn this volume ought not to be forgotten.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

A Manual of Mending and Repairing. By Charles Godfrey Leland. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS little Manual turns our thoughts backward to the time when the still-room was something more than a tradition: when the thrifty housewife had her own MS. recipe-books, inherited from her grandmother, and preserved as carefully as title-deeds. Home-made cakes and ales, jams and pickles, liqueurs, complexion-washes, and simples for every illness, are now made no more at home. Something like them, but seldom half so good, is bought in the Stores: there is no time, in the latter-day rush of life, for man or for woman to indulge in such trivial labours. Nevertheless, in losing the individual power of self-help in small matters one parts with something not to be estimated too lightly. The following statement is well worthy of careful consideration by those upon whom a suspicion may steal that our present system of education lacks something:

"There is a certain faculty which may be called constructiveness, which is nearly allied to invention, and which is a marvellous developer in all children of quickness of perception, thought, or intellect. It is the art of using the fingers to make or manipulate in any way; it exists in every human being, and it may be brought out to an extraordinary degree in the young, as has been fully tested and proved. Now, if we take two children of the same age, sex, and capacity, both going to the same school and pursuing the same studies, and if one of the two devotes from two to four hours a week to an industrial art class (*i.e.*, studying simple original designs, easy wood-carving, *repoussé*, embroidery, &c.), it will be found—as it has been proved by very ex-

tensive experiment—that the latter child will at the end of the year excel the former in all branches of learning.”

Many persons absolutely avoid ordinary work with their hands, such as the simple process of driving a nail into a wall, sewing on a button, or hanging up a picture; to such the Manual will be utterly useless. It does not profess to teach the uses of the ten fingers to those whose fingers are all thumbs. But the man who knows some of the advantages of the hammer and the nail, the glue-pot, the paint-brush, or the needle, may add to his knowledge and extend the sphere of his usefulness. Such of us who are afflicted or blessed with the insanity or the gentle taste for collecting curios, especially when, as was the case with that dear Elia, the means of gratifying our taste are limited, will occasionally pick up, for a trifle, an antique scrap of pottery, say, in such a sad state of dilapidation as to appear almost valueless. To put it into the hands of a professional restorer would bring up its price to something far more than we can afford. Here our instructor comes to our aid with cunning devices for renovating lost form and colour. A large hole has been broken in the side of our treasure, and the pieces have been lost. “What matter,” he says, “we can make it all right!” The gap is filled in by plaster of Paris, specially prepared and fixed into the place by a device at once simple and ingenious, the original colours are reproduced, and what before appeared worthless is now once more a thing of beauty.

It is remarkable that many of the recipes given, like so much that is good in this world, are derived from very ancient sources.

“The celebrated Athanasius Kircher, who wrote in the sixteenth century, has left an amusing account of how he one night, stopping at a convent in Sicily, took a book from the library (it was Stephanus Fagundes’ *In Præcepta Ecclesiæ*)—“a new book and elegantly bound”—and spilt over it and in it all the midnight oil from his lamp. In great alarm he sent for quicklime; but there was none to be had. So he bade the monks bring him some bones, which he quickly calcined and pulverised and applied. The next morning there was not a trace of the spot, only a little smell of oil, which soon vanished. He adds that plaster of Paris would have done as well.”

Books have to suffer much from the ravages of time, from worms, and from men; and their most hateful enemy is the person who injures them because he neither loves nor comprehends them. Sometimes the injury is merely the cause of carelessness, but it is often deliberate. The man who is vile enough to scribble on the margin of a volume which does not belong to him would, I believe, be capable of robbing church plate, or swindling his own mother. Mr. Leland suggests a remedy for the evil: that every reader should keep by him a piece of india-rubber or an eraser whereby to obliterate the overflowings of what the writer calls his brain. Such measures would do some good; but it is to be feared that the practice is due to that folly and pride of ignorance which is part of the world’s unanswered riddle, and it is sad to think that character is harder to mend than broken vases or defaced pictures.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that although this book is conversant with small matters, the author knows what he is writing about. It is carefully put together and well indexed. For anyone with mechanical tastes it is well worth buying.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

NEW NOVELS.

On the Down Grade. By Winifred Graham. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Story of a Fool and his Folly. By Norah Vynne. (Hutchinson.)

The Luckiest of Three. By F. C. Philips. (White.)

A Strong Man Armed. By Walter Phelps Dodge. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Napoléon Apocryphe. By Louis Geoffroy. (Paris: Librairie Illustrée.)

A Court Intrigue. By Basil Thomson. (Heinemann.)

At the Gate of the Fold. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward & Downey.)

The Daughter of Alouettes. By M. A. Owen. (Methuen.)

A Chronicle of Golden Friars. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. (Downey.)

MISS GRAHAM’s story purports to be one of a series designed for the delectation of bicyclists. The title, at any rate, is not altogether inappropriate. One may conceive that adventurous “coasters” will seize on it eagerly enough. Unfortunately, a knowledge of its contents makes its relation with the last fashionable craze at best merely symbolic. Nobody rides, or even mentions, a bicycle throughout its too many pages. Reckless riders, with a fortunate knack of solving problems, may find Mr. Gisbourne’s career instructive. The less advanced, who fear accidents, had better not ponder over the enigma. The general reader will probably vote the book dull. An armchair conduces to peremptory verdicts. It would be unfair, however, to deny that there is some skill shown in the arrangement and telling of the story. The writer has talent, and some day may invent a tale worth telling.

It is a commonplace that the world is full of fools. But folly so conspicuously foolish as that of Miss Vynne’s hero is difficult to understand. This lady writes so well, has so keen a sense of humour, that it is hard to forgive her faults. The story of a fool and his folly had far better have remained untold. Yet, failure though the book is, there is so much good writing, so much good-humour, so much elegance in the mere style, that one hesitates to deal severely with its shortcomings. Although she has made every possible blunder, Miss Vynne has not pulled her story down to the realms of the fatuous. Hopelessly wrong though it be, it remains the work of an artist, and, what is more, of one who shows every sign of becoming the best woman writer since the too brief career of Emily Brontë. She must give up writing novelettes and seriously consider a great novel. There is no necessary quality that she has not

shown, save only concentration and patience. These, I believe, she possesses, and her future is her own to mould or mar.

Time was when Mr. Philips could write a story more than ordinarily clever. It were cruel to hint that he cannot recapture his lost accomplishment. But it is time he set about the trick. One cannot easily forget *As in a Looking-Glass*; unhappily one cannot forget easily, in a quite different sense, *The Luckiest of Three*. It has, to my mind, only one saving virtue: it is mercifully short. There is something pathetic in the thought that a writer who can be so true and brilliant can be also so futile. Nobody can be always at their best, but Providence has provided a waste-paper basket. Excuses, therefore, are ridiculous. The woman in this story is, one hopes, a lunatic. She is certainly vulgar and preposterous. Not a shred of amateur science, even, covers her nakedness. Her husbands are incomprehensible and ludicrous in their most sacred trials. Mr. Philips can write better than most; indeed, his amazing talent is conspicuous in this vast mistake. For as few can approach him at his best, at his worst he is unapproachable. Fortunately posterity is kind. Posterity has a poor memory for bad work. *The Luckiest of Three* is very lucky—it will be forgotten quickly. But to the author of *The Dean and his Daughter* all of us turn expectantly. From that quarter, at any rate, in an age of bad novels, good should come.

Mr. Dodge’s book of short stories is dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedman. Therefore, the most impertinent reviewer realises the wisdom of halting for a moment. The reputation Mr. Stedman has gained is deserved and enviable. A peremptory question obtrudes itself and demands an answer. Can he have seen this tribute to his merit before it appeared in print? There must be good in a gift he is willing to accept. A more difficult position for a young critic it were hard to imagine. To say these stories are bad is to prove oneself presumptuous, uncritical, incompetent. A lover, a leader, of fine literature stands their sponsor. Yet, after a careful reading and re-reading, I were dishonest did I profess to have discerned one excellent quality. Therefore, silence is my safety, and let not those who read them say I found fault or charm in Mr. Dodge’s pages.

The idea of M. Geoffroy’s novel is most ingenious and entertaining. Waterloo never happens at all, and from 1812 to 1832 Napoleon pursues a course of conquests, civil and military, absolutely unchecked. England becomes a province of France, the details of the invasion only M. Geoffroy’s facile and graphic pen can reveal, and George III. is glad to hold a tributary court at Glasgow. Poland again—how much more satisfactory fiction sometimes is than fact—blossoms into a separate, if feudatory, kingdom, and the wildest chiefs of Asia pray with faces turned towards Paris. In the end the “Little Corporal” rules the whole world. The story interests for many reasons. To begin with, the greatest warrior—one would willingly write a more glowing

title—of the century is treated with such reverence that even his paper victories seem god-like. Then, the writing is careful and often eloquent. Thirdly, the narrative reads like true history written by a man of flesh and blood. Most historians seem to lack both, to be mere mechanical recorders of desultory facts that are, at best, of secondary importance. Frenchmen have ever been the first where wit was wanted, and here is plenty, though of grim quality. The book is perhaps over long, but candour compels the admission it were short enough had Nelson or Collingwood been the hero. Despite defects—one does not like foreign troops invading and devastating England even in fiction—the story is admirably told, and so enthralling that it is pleasant to turn to real history and satisfy oneself that the miracle never happened.

Mr. Thomson has three first rate qualities: wit, invention, an admirable manner. It is discourteous to suggest that the second made its appearance in *The Diversions of a Prime Minister*. Certainly the first and last were therein delightfully evident. To describe minutely *A Court Intrigue* were to prove oneself unworthy of court favour. This much only may be said: good as a first reading was, the second was better. No cleverer book—one half so clever were cordially welcome—will appear this side Christmas. Gratitude spurs one to reveal details, to cry aloud excellencies artfully concealed. Honesty whispers, "Betray nothing." Here is a book at once enthralling and original. Higher praise no man may fairly ask. Whoso has not read it must hasten to buy a copy, for it deserves to be quickly out of print; and those who have will be glad of the advice to read these brilliant pages once again.

Mr. Fletcher's book is neatly written. There is no great distinction as to style, no flashes of unusual humour, no very moving pathos. But the story of village life is by no means badly done, and holds the jaded novel reader to the end. If it is not a great book, not one that haunts the memory; at least it is competent, sane, and interesting. Not many modern novels command this verdict, unenthusiastic though it seems.

The Daughter of Alouette is a pleasant enough young woman, and her husband is all a well-conducted red Indian should be. The story is excellently planned, but a good deal is lacking in the telling. Worse tales have charmed more because better written. Yet every page is carefully done, and there are scenes of unusual charm. Mr. Owen has a facile, at times a graceful pen. If he has failed, it is only in places where the greatest novelists succeed with difficulty, and by no means consistently. In spite of faults—faults of sentiment, of taste, of conscientiousness—the result is satisfying. If its author will, in the slang phrase, "let himself go," he will write a fine novel. As it is, he has contrived a fascinating story. His book is good, his next should be very good. But he must study to compress his material and to use only the necessary words.

Sheridan Le Fanu does not invite modern criticism. His books live, and that is the

best proof of their worth. Only great critics, or impertinent ink slingers, would attempt to appraise their value. One lesson, at any rate, they teach: that the best novelist is he who has a story to tell, and is not ashamed to tell it simply. The pictures are excellent.

PERCY ADDLESHAW.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Student's Pastime. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) We cannot be expected to review in the ACADEMY "a select series of articles reprinted from *Notes and Queries*." Prof. Skeat has so often honoured our own columns with some of the outpourings of his erudition, ingenuity, and wit, that he stands in no need of introduction. But it is impossible not to express our cordial appreciation of that side of his labours which he has here chosen to reveal. In the introduction he tells the story of his life, so far as it has been devoted to the study of English language and literature. When the history of the Victorian age comes to be written, no chapter will be more welcome to our descendants than that which describes the austere labours of the English scholars of our generation. Before them, there were individual pioneers whose names will always be held in honour. But it has been reserved for our time to witness the co-operation of a numerous band, resulting in the foundation of the Philological, the Early English Text, the Chaucer, and the Dialect Societies; and in the slow but steady progress of the New English Dictionary. Among many who have laboured in their several departments, Prof. Skeat holds a foremost place. To him we owe definitive editions of Piers Plowman and Chaucer, and the first satisfactory Etymological Dictionary of our language. At Cambridge he has for years maintained, almost alone, the honour of English scholarship. And we hardly exaggerate in calling him "the onlie beggetter" of the Dialect Dictionary. The pastime of such a man would be the toil of others. All scholars are not able to unbend, and to make the crumbs from their table digestible by the vulgar. Prof. Skeat's temperament, however, is such that he must be ever trying to teach and convict the ignorant. The blind guessing of amateur etymologists, in particular, stirs him to righteous indignation, and to the throwing of pearls where they are not always appreciated. It demands something of the instincts or training of a scholar to estimate at their due value the etymologies and illustrations which Prof. Skeat has here gathered from the miscellaneous output of thirty years. But for such we can imagine few pleasures greater than turning over these learned and lively pages.

THE second volume of Dr. C. Horstman's *Library of Early English Writers* (Sonnen-schein) is, like the former one, devoted to Richard Rolle of Hampole and his followers. The two volumes together contain nearly 900 closely printed pages of texts edited from the MSS., and afford astonishing evidence both of the editor's extraordinary diligence and of the abundance of devotional literature produced in England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There are, perhaps, few persons to whom the pieces contained in this volume will appear to be of great intrinsic interest, many of them being merely translations of well-known Latin originals, while the rest repeat ideas and sentiments already familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the religious literature of the period. But the philological value of the book is very considerable. The metrical Psalter of the beginning of the fourteenth century, which was edited by the late Joseph Stevenson for the Surtees Society, appears

here in a new edition, with collations of two later MSS. It may be doubted whether this work comes within the nominal scope of Dr. Horstman's collection, as the editor's suggestion—very dubiously put forward—that it may possibly be an early production of Rolle himself, is hardly admissible. But it belongs undoubtedly to Rolle's part of the country, and exhibits many of his characteristics of diction; and it is at any rate good to have this important text in a trustworthy edition. Dr. Horstman's introduction, written in what for a foreigner is extraordinarily fluent and expressive English, though not free from mistakes of idiom, gives an interesting and sympathetic picture of Rolle's character as exhibited in his writings, and of the tendencies of thought and sentiment by which he so powerfully influenced his countrymen during the two following centuries. The elaborate bibliography of Rolle's writings, and of those erroneously ascribed to him, will be of great value to students. We wish Dr. Horstman would consult the convenience of his readers by prefixing a table of contents to his volumes.

An Impossible Person. By Constance Cotterell. (Fisher Unwin.) This is not the first story we have had from the pen of Miss Constance Cotterell, but it is at once the smartest and the most mature. It is a tale of incompatibility in married life; and under the smartness, abruptness, bitterness even, there is some suggestion of pathos which lingers with one after the book has been closed. Where people are said roughly to be "incompatible," the fault is the wife's sometimes; sometimes the husband's; often it must be shared by both. But Mr. Lucas and Elizabeth, in Miss Cotterell's story, are incompatible not only with each other, but likewise almost with anybody whom it is within the imagination of man to conceive. "Mr. Lucas" is a cleverly designed monster—a woman's man: that is, a being who must be devil, it seems, if he is not angel. He is not the "average sensual man" of Dumas; for all his motions are sensual, though, of course—as Miss Cotterell is a lady and not a cheap touter for popularity with the vulgar—they are never grossly described. "Elizabeth" begins by being a morbid child, treasuring up a gentleman's cigar-ends, out of sheer adoration for him; she ends by being an unhappy wife, and this not only because she is the wife of a detestable man, but because in no affection could she have been moderate and reasonable—her love-passion, burning at white heat persistently, must in any case have ended by making her a bore. One is sorry for her, for she is very real—one-sided and diseased though she be. There are parts of her character which display a keen observation on the part of the authoress—passages and points which make us look forward to other work by the same hand. For the moment, Miss Cotterell's models in story-telling do not appear to have been of quite the best school. Subtler shades in human nature than those which she now perceives will some day engage her: a sense of the presence of beauty—the beauty of spirit and form—will console her for much in the world that to an inquiring and alert vision must often seem amiss. Meantime, though apparently pessimistic, she maintains much cheerfulness of utterance, and is unfailingly smart, and uninterruptedly vivid. She should, some day, "go far," with these good gifts. Besides, in addition to her easy, lively writing, she is in control already of much of the mechanism of the story-teller's craft.

The Passion for Romance. By Edgar Jepson. (Henry.) This curious study of what a man "of commonplace ugliness," illumined by the glamour of a title and thirty thousand a year, can do with women may conceivably become the

novel of the season. We suppose it is too late in the century to ask that vice should be suitably punished at the end of a story; and possibly the artistic effect of the book as a whole would have suffered, if the not unengaging scoundrel whose doings are told of had come to grief. Yet the daring of Mr. Jepson in working out his central idea so conscientiously shows us to what a point we have reached in the development of the modern English novel. The three women—the butterflies this scoundrelly sledge-hammer crushes—are in their several degrees charming, and we are sorry that the author—little as he obtrudes himself upon us—was not more in sympathy with Lady Blyde; for certainly she deserved to fall into better hands. The story runs on without failure of interest from first to last; and if the scene in the Queen's Hall touches on melodrama, it is not very violent, nor is the pathos too long drawn out. We seem to mark an improvement in style as the book comes to an end; and the whole is so far superior to *Sybil Falcon* as to warrant the expression of a hope that Mr. Jepson may give us at no distant date a longer and fuller study of human nature than the present.

"THE BODLEY HEAD ANTHOLOGIES."—*Musa Piscatrix*. By John Buchan. (John Lane.) Opinions will differ when an anthology is composed upon the principle of culling "the choicer verses" in angling poetry. Much of it, sad though it be for an angler to confess, consists of one kind of flowers, albeit that is meadow-sweet. Harping on one string accurately describes a good deal of angling poetry, and yet the poet has the most beautiful scenes of nature before his eyes. Mr. Buchan very properly gathers first a nosegay from John Dennys, undoubtedly the laureate of the craft, who sings:

"Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays
Pale gander-grass and azure culver-keys."

Mr. Buchan might with advantage have plucked a few more of his verses, and entirely omitted Walton and Cotton's odes and songs as already known by heart to all anglers. Shakspeare flew at higher game than fish; consequently he does not write much that is interesting on fishing. Gay was not only an excellent poet on angling, but shows that he was a consummate angler as well: witness one line only of his true description of catching trout with a worm:

"Far up the stream the twisted line he throws."

Some will grumble at nearly twenty pages being assigned to Stoddart's songs. His "Angler's Grave" is touching, but the rest of his verses do not rise above mediocrity. Most men would gladly have preferred more of Andrew Lang's crisp and delicate verses on the sport he loves. Hood strikes a different note in his "Angler's Farewell," and J. B. (probably the editor) winds up with a pleasant epilogue. The little volume is tastefully printed, but every fisherman who idles by the river would have gladly had this anthology a couple of sizes smaller for his pocket. Such as it is, however, it will please many an honest loiterer,

"Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longest day well spent."

TWO HISTORICAL BOOKS.

The Year after the Armada, and other Historical Studies. By Martin A. S. Hume. (Fisher Unwin.) These essays of Major Hume are well worth collecting. They were originally contributions to reviews and magazines. All except "The Journal of Richard Bere" are con-

nected with Spanish history, from the period of Philip II. to the last sovereign of the Austrian dynasty, Charles the Second. They are far removed from the ordinary tone of magazine articles, and embody the results of original research, of the discovery of unpublished documents and MSS. in the British Museum, the libraries of Madrid, and elsewhere. They constantly remind us of those *Études sur l'Espagne* by M. A. Morel-Fatio, which are so highly appreciated by students of Spanish history. Their chief importance to the general reader is the fresh light which they throw for him on the character of Philip II. Not that the portraiture here given is quite complete, but it is excellent, and true as far as it goes. It depicts Philip as he was: a gentleman at heart, a conscientious ruler, a hard worker, but slow, timid, and procrastinating, utterly overweighed by the mighty tasks which he vainly tried to bear to fulfilment. In his business habits, in the way in which he all but broke the hearts of those whose means of action depended upon him, there is a curious likeness between him and his great rival, Elizabeth of England. Philip's domestic relations have, we believe, been dealt with by Major Hume since the publication of these studies. But all this leaves still untouched the master motive of his life: his deep religious conviction, his hatred of heresy, his unflinching belief that his power was given him to be exerted for the defence of true religion. He lived ruthlessly up to this conviction. He would allow nothing to turn him aside from this. Popes, for political motives, might tamper with heterodoxy; he would then be more orthodox than the Popes. Naturally kind-hearted, he did not flinch from the horrors of the Autos-de-fé. If there was lack of legal, yet enough of moral, evidence to convince his conscience, he hesitated not to strike a great criminal secretly, and would think that he did no wrong. All his great father's plans, all his life-work, had been thwarted by Protestantism. It had filled Germany with disunion, and France with blood, and in England its accompaniments had been martyrdom and pillage of Church property. At least Spain and the Low Countries should be kept free, and this at any cost. As long as there was the slightest hope of winning England back, of holding it on the right side, or even of keeping it neutral, by peaceful and temporising methods, he tried these; it was only when there was no hope of success thus that he struck with all his power, and failed. But Major Hume deals also with Philip IV. and Carlos the Bewitched. The essay on the sumptuary laws and economic errors of Spain scarcely points out with sufficient clearness how inevitable these errors were, so long as men supposed that gold and silver, instead of labour and the product of labour, constituted the true wealth of nations. Spain was but the greatest sufferer from an ignorance common to the age. The interesting sketch of Julian Romero and his career is typical not only of the Spanish soldier in Europe, but of the character of a whole class of the *conquistadores* of the New World. We trust that these studies will prove the beginning of a better knowledge and more accurate appreciation in England of the history of Spain.

A Short History of Rome to the Death of Augustus. By J. Wells. (Methuen.) Mr. Wells's little Roman History is written in a compressed and business-like form, which must have cost its author much trouble in revision and excision: everything tells, there is nothing superfluous. It will probably serve very well for schoolboys not yet ripe for larger works. The chief defect which we see in the manner of it—and it is not a very serious one—is that it is not all written down to the level of the schoolboy; but there are certain things in it

which, good in themselves, are fitter for older readers. The curious parallel, for instance, between the Claudii and the Alamaeonidae is very suggestive, and sets us thinking about family character in politics elsewhere; but it is a little over the heads of young readers. So, too, is the brief but excellent sketch of the inroads of Hellenism and unbelief at Rome. The schoolboy will probably learn by rote the close-packed sentences on "Cato's opposition to Greek philosophy" and understand a quarter of them. On the other hand, older readers will be grateful for finding something so fresh and solid. For them Mr. Wells's liberal application of historical parallels will be specially useful; and also his six analyses of Chief Dates, the Struggle between the Orders, the Growth of Roman Power in Italy, the Growth of the Provincial System, the Extension of Roman Privileges, and the Decay of Senatorial Authority. But they again will regret the absence of any discussion of the credibility of early Roman history. Attention ought invariably to be called to this question, both as a preliminary to accepting some of the history itself, and as a lesson in the examination of evidence. That we are not to believe a thing merely because it is written, is a truism to students who have read much history, but a revelation to the beginner. "The experience of our own day," says Mr. Wells, "might well convince historians that political speeches are uncertain materials for history"; and Mr. Wells might with advantage have gone into the value of other sources of Roman history too. He must expect a good deal of dissent when he says that "the Greeks had little power of assimilation": that is, of assimilating other people to themselves. Happily for us, they possessed the power in a remarkable degree. The quotation "*Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat*" is from Rutilius (1. 66), not Claudianus. On p. 322 the left bank of the Rhine and the Gallic bank are inadvertently spoken of as if they were different things.

SOME FOREIGN BOOKS.

Chi l'ha detto? Da G. Fumagelli. (Milan: Hoepli.) Few books afford more interesting matter for reflection than a well-written dictionary of quotations. This volume may claim to rank as such; and therefore, if we devote our few remarks to criticism rather than to eulogy, we do so in discharge of a duty, gladly recognising the merits of a work which is written in a scholarly and catholic spirit. The only serious complaint that we can make of the author is the unreasonable profusion with which he has quoted from Italian librettists. These quotations amount to eighty in number. To quote so freely from authors who are absolutely unknown outside the opera-house, while he quotes sparingly from Shakspeare, and from his own Alfieri, is a misuse of quotations, even in a dictionary written in the language of the opera-house. Another remark we would make about the Italian quotations is that very few are from prose, while the bulk are from the poets. There are 1754 quotations in all; of these some 1400 are Italian. After the Italian, the most numerous quotations are from Latin literature, including the Vulgate. We miss the pregnant saying of Sallust, "*A City for Sale*," &c., or the similar remark in Juvenal. The well-known line, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," is not to be found in this dictionary, though we are indebted to a perusal of the proof-sheets of an English Dictionary of Classical Quotations soon to appear for our knowledge of the extremely obscure author, in whose verse this line appears. To the writer of this coming dictionary, Mr. T. B. Harbottle, we also owe the authorship of the still better known phrase, "Oil on troubled

waters," which is not to be met with in the work under review. The notes that follow M. Fumagelli's quotations are often extremely instructive; but some might object that these notes take up room which might more properly be left to quotations. M. Fumagelli not only possesses the knowledge necessary for such a work, but the art to know what to quote and what not to quote. He proves his taste in limiting his quotation from the well-known song which begins, "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen," to the effective couplet:

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu."

But not only are poets and playwrights to be met with in these pages, but also statesmen and epicures. The mots and witticisms of tavern literature are admirably collected in section 73. Gambetta, who was himself a link between politicians and good livers, is quoted more than once, and so is Bismarck. The spelling even of English authors' names is usually very correct, but there is a singular blunder about Southey. This book contains three excellent indices to assist the student, as well as a list of authors quoted.

UNDER the modest title of *Alcuni Capitoli della Biografia di Dante*, Dr. Scherillo has compiled quite an encyclopaedia of discussions on the various points most controverted in recent times in connexion with Dante's personal history, the purpose and contents of some of his works, and even the interpretation of many difficult points and passages therein. The book is full of minute and diligent research; and in particular it is brought up to date by including references not only to large works on Dante, but also to monographs, pamphlets, and magazine articles in various languages. Such thoroughness is rendered possible by the admirable bibliographical publications now annually produced in Italy. The present work has a very full "Sommario" at the end, which almost serves as an index; but there is no doubt that a much more thorough index to a work of such miscellaneous contents would have greatly increased its usefulness.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Prof. Max Müller has finished printing the first volume of his forthcoming *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, but that he is still engaged in passing the second through the press. Some delay has been caused by the necessity of taking into consideration the new works that are always appearing on the subject. The book will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN will publish in the course of the present month Sir George Robertson's long-expected book on *The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush*, with numerous illustrations by Mr. A. D. McCormick, the artist who accompanied Sir W. Martin Conway on his climbing expedition to the Himalayas.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL has now completed his Biographical and Critical Study of Christina Rossetti, which will be published shortly by Mr. James Bowden, of Henrietta-street. In the performance of his task he has received much assistance from Mr. W. M. Rossetti, to whom the book is dedicated. He has thus been able to record many interesting incidents about her youthful days, her early friendships, and the influences that affected her character. In the critical section, special attention is paid to her devotional works, while her children's books have a chapter to themselves. At the end will be a careful bibliography, and also a list of portraits.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS, who proposes to start as a publisher with the new year in Henrietta-

street, next door to Mr. Bowden, will begin with two historical guide-books by Mr. Grant Allen, dealing with Paris and Florence. Mr. Allen, who has all his life been a great traveller but has only lately devoted himself to art, will here give the result of his experience and study to tourists on a novel plan. He does not attempt to compete with the ordinary guide-books in giving directions to the stranger and information about material conveniences. But he concentrates his attention upon the historical and antiquarian aspects of a town, pointing out why it arose on a particular spot and how, and tracing its development by means of its buildings and works of art. In other words, he will use the growth of historic cities as an opportunity for demonstrating human evolution. The books will not be illustrated; but every advantage will be taken of systematic arrangement and typographical devices to make them practically useful. The author hopes hereafter to treat, on the same principles, the towns of Flanders and the Rhine, and also Venice.

MR. WEDMORE'S pre-occupation with his *Organs and Miradon*, so lately issued, has not prevented him from finishing for Mr. Redway a book of far less imaginative character, entitled *Five Prints*. This will consist of criticism, interwoven with the gossip of the collector, and it will not leave the money values of fine engravings altogether out of the reckoning. For the twelve illustrations, Dürer, Lucas of Leyden, Sebald Beham, Marc Antonio, Rembrandt, Turner, Charles Méryon, and others, have been laid under contribution. There will be a very full index, and what is probably the most complete bibliography of print-collecting which has yet appeared.

MR. F. RYLAND, the editor of several of "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," is now engaged on editing Swift's *Journal to Stella*, for Messrs. George Bell & Sons. He has collated the last twenty-five Letters with the MS. in the British Museum; but unfortunately the original of the first forty has disappeared, so that they can only be reprinted from the first edition (1768).

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE'S new story, *Rodney Stone*, will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., on November 13.

THE first instalment of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, to be called "The Christian," will appear in the Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine*. We hear that some part of the scene is laid in the East of London, and that the Cowley Fathers will also be introduced.

THE second volume of "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," edited by the Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. T. J. Wise, will contain a hitherto unpublished tale by Charlotte Brontë; a review of "The Shaving of Shagput," written by George Eliot for the *Leader*; and a number of letters by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish immediately a new volume by Mrs. Molesworth, entitled *Uncanny Tales*; and also *Kitty the Rag*, a story of Irish life, by the lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Rita."

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish *A Run Round the Empire*, being the log of two people who circumnavigated the globe, written out by their father, Dr. Alexander Hill, master of Downing College, Cambridge. In this narrative of a trip to various parts of the world, together with many observations upon political, social, and economic life in India, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, an attempt is made to give the outlines of the geography, history, ethnology, and natural history of the different countries over which our Queen holds sway, together

with the incidents of travel met with in a pleasant voyage.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. announce a *Handbook to British Military Stations Abroad*, compiled by Mr. L. B. C. Duncombe-Jewell. It will be illustrated with a map, showing all the stations in both hemispheres.

THE Hakluyt Society will shortly issue, as its two volumes for 1896, Azara's *Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea*, translated from the Portuguese, and edited by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley and Mr. Edgar Prestage; and Danish Arctic Voyages in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, by Mr. Miller Christy. Among other works in hand, special interest attaches to the new edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana*, which Mr. Everard im Thurn has undertaken. This was before edited for the Hakluyt Society by Sir Robert Schomburgk, as long ago as 1850; but it has for some time been out of print.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK will publish immediately two volumes of verse: *Leaves in the Wind*, by Mr. Anthony C. Deane, some of the contents of which have appeared in *Punch*, *The World*, *Granta*, *Longman's Magazine*, &c.; and *The Scales of Heaven*, by Mr. Frederick Langbridge, printed at the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft.

OWING to the unexpectedly great demand for the new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, entitled *The Herb Moon*, the publisher has been obliged to postpone its issue until November 10.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE has undertaken to give a lecture at the Crystal Palace, on November 25, upon "Literature and Poetry in the Queen's Reign," in connexion with the forthcoming Victorian loan exhibition.

WE hear that Don Galino Salinas y Rodriguez, of Corunna, editor of *La Revista Gallega* and well known as a Galician poet, proposes to undertake a translation of the "Divina Commedia" into Gallego. There is already a version in old Catalan, of which Spain has reason to be proud.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. have issued this week the second volume of *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, which contains everything from "The Ring and the Book" (1868-9) to "Asolando" (1889), being thus the complete harvest of his old age. It is illustrated with a portrait, from a photograph taken in 1881. The introductions and notes are, again, of the briefest character; but two valuable features are given at the end. First, a chronological list of Browning's poems and plays, which does give the original place of those that first came out in magazines, and also the original titles if altered, but does not include the miscellaneous pieces that have never been collected; and, secondly, an index to the first lines of the shorter poems and songs, which will prove particularly useful.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IT is announced that the Rev. E. T. Turner, senior fellow of Brasenose, will resign the office of Registrar of the University of Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1870, at the end of the present year. We believe we are correct in adding that Mr. Turner has been almost continuously a member of the Hebdomadal Council for the last thirty-six years.

THE Rev. Dr. H. E. Ryle, Hulsean professor of divinity, has been elected president of Queen's College, Cambridge, in succession to the late Dr. Campion.

IN Convocation at Oxford next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Music (*in absentia*) upon Raja Sir Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, the

well-known authority on Sanskrit music, and a munificent benefactor to the Indian Institute.

DR. SWETE, regius professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was to lecture on Friday and Saturday of this week, on "The Recent Bull (*Apostolicae Curiae*)."

PROF. BEVAN, lord almoner's reader in Arabic at Cambridge, announces a public lecture on "Information from Arabic Sources respecting the Manichaean Religion."

THE Rev. Dr. C. H. H. Wright, Grinfield lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford, will deliver his terminal lecture on Wednesday next, his subject being "The Seventy Weeks of Daniel (Hebrew and LXX.), considered in relation to Modern Criticism."

THE Rev. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College at Oxford, proposes to deliver during this term the first part of a series of addresses on "Religious Thought during the Nineteenth Century," dealing with the reaction in politics, in literature and philosophy, and in religion.

THE Rev. P. H. Wicksteed will deliver three public lectures at Mansfield College, Oxford, on Thursdays, beginning on November 12, entitled "Some Aspects of the Influence of Classical Antiquity on the Spiritual Life of the Middle Ages, illustrated from the Works of Dante."

MR. G. F. STOUT having resigned the university lectureship in moral science at Cambridge, on his appointment to Aberdeen, Mr. W. E. Johnson, of King's, has been elected to fill his place during the remaining year of the original term.

MR. F. DARWIN has been elected president of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. At the meeting to be held on Monday next, Sir Gabriel Stokes will read a paper on "The Nature of the Röntgen Rays."

A PORTRAIT of the late Prof. Babington, presented by his widow, has been hung in the hall of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was a Fellow.

MR. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press Warehouse, will publish almost immediately *More Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, being reprints of the last six years, since the first collection in 1890. Among the contributors to that volume were Messrs. R. L. Binyon, A. D. Godley, C. E. Montague, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and Arthur Sidgwick; and some of these will be heard again in *More Echoes*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & BOWES, of Cambridge, will publish immediately a pamphlet entitled *Women in the Universities of England and Scotland*, by Miss Emily Davies.

THE *Oxford Magazine* has published its usual elaborate analysis of the results of the recent examination for the Civil Service. Out of a total of ninety-four successful candidates, it appears that fifty-six were educated at Oxford, twenty-six at Cambridge, two each at Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, and one each at the Royal University of Ireland and at Melbourne.

THE University of St. Andrews conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Sir W. H. Flower, Prof. Michael Foster, Canon Tristram, and Prof. Gustave Gibson, of Louvain (the last, *in absentia*), on the occasion of inaugurating the new Gatty Marine Laboratory on Friday of last week.

AT the annual meeting of Convocation of Victoria University, which was held last week at Manchester, under the chairmanship of Prof. A. Smithells, of the Yorkshire College, the following resolution was adopted, after considerable discussion:

"That, in the opinion of Convocation, no sufficient

reason has been given by the Council for the postponement of the reconsideration of the regulations for the certificates of proficiency for women in special subjects, and that the granting of these certificates is bad in principle."

IN connexion with the Brown Animal Sanatory Institution, which is under the government of London University, a course of free lectures is now being delivered at Burlington Gardens by Dr. J. Rose Bradford, the professor-superintendent, on "The Work of the Institution, with special reference to Rabies."

PROF. BRIDGE proposes to deliver four lectures at Gresham College, beginning on Wednesday next, on "Matthew Locke," "The Origin and Development of the Oratorio," and "Schubert's Dramatic Music."

OXFORD can always boast a succession of caricaturists, though since the time of Mr. Sydney Hall, now more than thirty years ago, she has no had an artist of her own. But Mr. Will Rothenstein—a stranger, if not a foreigner—has rewarded the hospitality recently extended to him with a portfolio of portraits, which will at once increase his own reputation, and preserve for posterity the lineaments of one academical generation. The medium chosen is the new one of lithography, about which we need not here say more than that it admits of inequalities. Our concern is rather with the originals of the drawings than with their technical merits. It is probably because they were done at different times that they are on different scales. The full-length is always dangerous, especially in athletic costume; but even so the triple-crowned Mr. C. B. Fry is a success. Into the features of the Professor of Latin the artist has read the bitterness of an anarchist rather than the austerity of a recluse. The presentment of Max Müller is at least as characteristic as that achieved by Mr. Watts. If we had to choose the two best portraits in the collection, we should take those of Prof. Margoliouth and the Rev. F. W. Bussell. The good fortune of the artist has attended him even in the epigrammatic letter-press which his friends have written for him. Is it hypercritical to inquire whether "il est capable de tout" was really said by Napoleon of Talleyrand? Our own memory goes back to Voltaire and the prophet Habakkuk. *Oxford Characters* is published by Mr. John Lane, in an edition limited to two hundred copies; so that its possessors may consider themselves lucky men.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

THE Macmillan Company, of New York, advertise two new books by Prof. Goldwin Smith, which we have not seen announced in this country: a *Political History of England*, and a collection of essays to be entitled *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence*.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS., of New York, announce as nearly ready a new Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities, under the editorship of Prof. H. T. Peck, of Columbia. It will be a royal octavo volume, of 1600 pages, with more than 1500 illustrations. The list of contributors includes all the best-known American scholars, and also the names of Prof. Lanciani of Rome, Prof. Geldner of Berlin, and the Rev. C. T. Crutwell.

PROF. MORRIS JASTROW, of Philadelphia, is now passing through the press *The Religions of Babylonia and Assyria*, to form the second volume in a series of Handbooks on the History of Religions, which is appearing under his own general editorship. The book will be in four parts. The first contains an introduction on the sources and methods of study, with a chapter on the land and the people; the second

traces the Babylonian pantheism through its several historical stages; the third gives copious extracts from the distinctively religious literature; the fourth discusses the cosmology, with chapters on the temples and the ritual. Finally, there will be an exhaustive bibliography.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO., of New York, announce a Comprehensive Index to Universal Prose Fiction, compiled by Zella Allen Dixon, librarian of the University of Chicago. It is described as "an arrangement into an alphabetical list of all works of fiction, in all languages, which are founded upon facts—historical, physical, psychological, or moral." In other words, it will apparently include only "novels with a purpose." But it will contain more than 10,000 entries.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, who is at present on a visit to the United States, has received the compliment of an American edition of his works, in eight volumes, each illustrated with a frontispiece, and containing a brief introduction by the author. We notice also that the American issue of *Sentimental Tommy* has the full-page illustrations by Mr. W. Hatherell, which accompanied it on its original appearance in the magazine.

MR. E. A. MACDOWELL, who holds the foremost place among American composers, has been appointed professor of music at Columbia University, New York, where he will have the assistance of several lecturers on the historical and aesthetic departments of his subject. There are already chairs of music at Harvard and Yale.

THE Hon. Bertrand Russell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has gone to America, on the invitation of the trustees of Bryn Mawr College, to lecture on "Non-Euclidean Geometry." He will repeat the lectures during December at Johns Hopkins University.

AMONG those upon whom Princeton University conferred the honorary degree of LL.D., on the occasion of celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, were Lord Kelvin, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. J. J. Thompson of Cambridge, Prof. Edward Dowden of Dublin, and Principal Peterson of Montreal.

AMONG the public lectures recently delivered at Chicago University, we may mention one by Prof. W. G. Hale, on "The American School at Rome," of which he is director; and one by Mr. H. Dharmapala, of Ceylon, secretary of the Buddhist Mahabodhi Society.

UNDER the auspices of a committee of the American Library Association, a fund is being raised to erect a memorial to the late Dr. W. F. Poole, which will probably take the form of a bust, to be placed in the Public Library at Chicago.

MISS RUTH PUTNAM, author of a recent *Life of William of Orange*, has been elected a member of the Society of Netherlands Literature at Leyden; and a Dutch translation of her book, by Dr. D. C. Nijhoff, will shortly be published at The Hague.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the November number of the *Antiquary* Mr. Rhys Jenkins continues his notes on "Early Mechanical Carriages." As he approaches nearer to our own time he is less interesting, not from any deficiency on his own part, but because much that he tells is common knowledge. Dr. Raven's learned paper on "Traces of Christianity in Britain during the Roman Occupation" is well worth reading. It is a subject on which very few have accurate knowledge; and, therefore, it has become the playground of those whose theological instincts are far stronger than their

faculty for weighing evidence. Mr. A. W. Buckland's paper on "The Significance of Holes in Archaeology" contains many facts which it will prove serviceable to remember, but we cannot follow him in some of his conclusions. The "Notes of the Month" are as usual very interesting. One fact we do not call to mind having heard of before. It seems that the British Museum has lately become possessed of a latten or bronze medieval ewer, with an English inscription of early sixteenth century date. This English piece of metal work comes from Ashantee, being part of the spoil taken from King Premph during the late expedition. Unfortunately, the inscription itself has not been given.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ON THE ROMAN WALL.

[On the Roman Wall in Northumberland may be found a field flower (*Corydalis lutea*), one of the Fumitories, which is a native of the Campagna.]

FAIR simply-blowing floweret wild,
Small short-lived star of earth,
Thou, like some gipsy's stolen child,
Art here of alien birth—
(Here, where the grassy mound I trace,
Green foss and ruin'd wall,
That tells me of the conquering race,
And the proud conqueror's fall)—
For, musing here on Hadrian's dyke,
How far away lies Rome!
Yet I, to find elsewhere thy like,
Must seek it there, at home.
Who brought thee thence? From that bright
land
March'd legions in array;
But whose the soft and gentle hand
That brought the flower away?
Sick of the time and all its fears,
Did some Italian maid,
Watering thee oft with costly tears,
Nurse thee thro' shine and shade?
Yet—like the daughter of romance,
Who in despite of fate
Raises the song and leads the dance,
Beside a gipsy mate—
Thy bloom her scent and honey yields,
And thou with spring dost blow—
A Roman flower in British fields—
As blithe as long ago:
Till, as one broods, and idly thinks
On wars and conquests vain,
A simple pastoral garland links
Earth's mightiest nations twain!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHOENICIA AND THE ANCIENT CONSTELLATION FIGURES.

Barton-on-Humber: Oct. 12, 1896.

In a former letter (ACADEMY, September 21, 1895) I noticed the connexion between Greek coin types and the constellation figures. But another and very interesting fact which results from an examination of the evidence generally is that these figures were imported from Phoenicia; and, in harmony with this, we find that, as all antiquity knew, the Phoenicians taught the Greeks astronomy and arithmetic (cf. Strabo, XVI. ii. 24). Like the rest of the world, the Phoenicians had received the signs of the zodiac and certain other constellation figures from Babylonia; but the Phoenician sphere differed in some important respects from the Babylonian, and the monuments and records of that country fully confirm the important statement of Achilles Tatios:

Ἐν τῇ τῶν Ἀιγυπτίων σφαίρᾳ οὐτε δ' Ἀράκων ἰσθμὶν
νικηθεὶς ἢ ὀνόμαζόμενος, οὐτε Ἀρκτοῦ, οὐτε Κηφέως.

ἀλλ' ἔτερα σχήματα εἰδῶτων. οὐτο δὲ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν
Καλδαίων (Eusebius, xxxix.).

Taking the figures separately, we find that the myth, legend, or history connected with each of them is always linked with the sphere of Semitic influence. If anyone doubts this, he has only to examine Greek and Phoenician coin types, and to study such works as Roscher's *Lexikon*, C. Robert's *Eratosthenis Catasterismorum Reliquiae* (Berlin, 1878), and Bérard's *De l'Origine des Cultes Arcadiens* (1894). Bears, doves (*Pleiades*), bull, ram, lion, horse, eagle, swan, crow, hare, dolphin, fish (3), serpents (3), are all creatures sacred to, or otherwise specially connected with, Phoenician and Babylonian divinities. The Boiotian hunter Orion and his dogs—Merôdax-Melqarth, who reappears in another phase as Engonasin-Héraklès—the kneeling Gilgames, his head close to that of his brother Esmun-Aklépios (Serpentarius), as on Babylonian cylinders Gemini often stand head to head. Natural shapes are accommodated to the same connexion: Deltoton is the sacred tripod of the East, Corona the crown of the Babylonio-Phoenician Dionysos ("the Sun-god *Da-ai-nu-tsi*," W. A. I. IV. xxviii. 1), whose wine-cup reappears as Crater. The family group Kêpheus (who, according to Prof. Sayce, = "Kef-t, the Egyptian name of Phoenicia," Herod. p. 2), Kassiopeia, Andromeda, Perseus ("the Destroyer" = Baal Khammam or Hamon, the consuming Sun-god = Melqarth), Kêtus, are Phoenician to the core (*vide* Gruppe, *Der phoinikische Urtext der Kassiopeialegende*, 1888). Draco is Ophiôn, "the Old Serpent," first ruler of the world in the cosmogony of the Phoenician Pherekydês, and called in Greek myth Ladôn (= Hebrew *letooh* or *letaa*, lit. "lizard," crawling-monster. Cf. *el lagarto* = "alligator"). A vase figured in Roscher's *Lexikon*, in voc. *Giganten*, represents Zeus, kneeling on one knee (*engonasin*), and fighting with a huge winged monster, half man and half a double snake. The origin of the design is the contest between Kronos (II=Zeus) and Ophiôn, when the latter was driven from his heavenly throne with his wife Eurynomê (= *Erev-no'emâ*, "Beautiful-night"), who in Sanchouniathôn is called Hôra ("the Hour"—of evening). The first part of this name appears in the words "Erebois," "Europe," "Arab," &c. In Homer, Eurynomê, a kindly goddess, already fallen from heaven, dwells by the Ocean-stream.

Auriga appears alike among the Euphratean constellations (*vide* ACADEMY, November 10, 1894), and, in a special type on the cylinders, driving four horses, which type is exactly reproduced in Phoenician art (*vide* Perrot and Chipiez, *History of Art in Phoenicia*, Eng. edit. i. 210). He is a Poseidôn Hippios, in one Greek legend called Erechthonios, which is an epithet of Poseidôn, in another Myrtilos, which connects him with Adônias, the Myrtle-god. The battle of Héraklès-Melqarth with the three birds, Olor, Aquila, and Vultur (=the constellation Lyra), I have already noticed (ACADEMY, July 20, 1895). Centaurus and Lupus appear in the cuneiform inscriptions and on Western Asian monuments much as on our present globes (*vide* Robert Brown, Jun., *Euphratean Stellar Researches*, part iv., in the *Proceedings Soc. Bib. Archaeol.*, January, 1895). Argo is often drawn as a demi-ship, and this singular circumstance apparently had its origin in the very peculiar shape of the Phoenician war-galley (*vide* Perrot, i. 34). Boôtes, the herdsman-shepherd, the Euphratean Sibzianna ("Shepherd-of-the-life-of-heaven") is a Tam-muz, placed next to his Istar-Aphrodite-Virgo. Héraklès, Leo, Cancer, and Hydra are grouped together on Kretan coins. Eridanus, as I have shown in a special monograph, is in origin the Euphratean Heaven- and Ocean-river and the Euphrates. Lyra (=Vultur, *vide* "The God

Tartak," ACADEMY, July 20, 1895) is, like other musical instruments, connected with the Semitic East, and reappears as a coin type in the familiar Aiginetan tortoise.

The Semitic goddess of Phigaleia, called "the Black Dêmêter," was horse-headed, and held a dolphin in one hand and a dove in the other. Another Phigaleian goddess was Eury-nomê (*vide sup.*), whose statue was a Derketô, half woman half fish, and bound with gold chains. Turning to the constellation figures, we find Andromeda, "the Chained Lady"—not, indeed, half fish, for Greek art will not allow this—while actually touching her is the northern fish, and the demi-horse (Pegasus) and Dolphin are just over her head.

Poseidôn is so thoroughly Phoenician and Philistine, that even on the vases he sometimes appears with the tail of a marine monster (*vide* Roscher, *Lexikon*, in voc. *Erichthonios*), just as he is shown on coins of Askalon and Arvad (Arados), a coin of the latter place bearing on the reverse his winged Hippocamp, a creature connected in idea with Pêga-sos, a name probably meaning "Horse [Heb. Phoen. *sûs*, Assyrian *su-su*] of the Spring." Wells, springs, and fountains were sacred to the Semitic goddess called in Greece Dêmêter Hippiâ. The Phoenicians would, of course, bring their own "horse"-name into Greece. Thanks to hints in the works of F. Lenormant and Bérard, I think I have at last discovered the etymology of the name of the great horse- and sea-god himself, admittedly hitherto unknown.

"Le nom d'un dieu *Tân* se trouve en composition dans celui d'Itanos de Crète, i. *Tân*, l'île de *Tân*. Les plus anciennes monnaies de cette île représentent le dieu *Tân* comme un personnage à queue de poisson, tenant le trident; au revers est représenté le monstre marin *tannin*" (Lenormant, *Les Origines*, i. 545, note 2).

In Boiôtia, which presents a mass of Phoenician influence, Itônos appears as the husband of Melanippê ("Black Horse" = Black Dêmêter Hippiâ, *vide sup.*), and sire of Boiôtos (Paus. IX. i. 7)—i.e., of the people of the land. Poseidôn has been supposed to be derived from *πῶσις*, "husband," "lord." This is impossible; but *Πῶσις-Ἰτανος* = *Ποσειδῶν*, who is Dagon, husband of Derketô-Atargatis.

Mr. Gladstone, whose special interest in the god is well known, writes me:

"At some time, perhaps within the new year, if I live through it, I hope to produce my book on the Olympian Religion, and in it I shall have an opportunity of noticing this most interesting etymology."

In dealing, therefore, with the origin of the ancient constellation figures and their connected myths and ideas, the next step must be an attempt to reconstruct and explain the Phoenician stellar sphere.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

A WELSH BARD'S VISIT TO WORDSWORTH.

London: Oct. 31, 1896.

[The following interesting and characteristic letter appeared in the *Carnarvon Herald* for November 6, 1852. The writer—Mr. John Jones, better known in Wales by his bardic cognomen of "Talhaiarn"—was a frequent competitor and orator at Eisteddfods, and a contributor—highly appreciated for his racy, pithy style—to the various Welsh newspapers and magazines. He published a selection of his productions—prose and verse—in three volumes; and an account of him may be found in the Dictionary of National Biography.—J. P. OWEN.]

"BARDIC REMINISCENCES.

"SIR,—Some eighty years ago I had the honour of superintending the erection of a beautiful

church at Worsley, near Manchester, for the Earl of Ellesmere, under Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, architects. I received a letter from Mr. Scott, one day, stating that the workmen required instructions and explanations relative to the restorations of Cross-thwaite Church, near Keswick, Cumberland, and he desired me to go over there and set them right.

"I stayed there two or three days, and was most hospitably entertained by a gentleman, who was the principal contributor to the restorations. I went by coach from Lancaster, and had the pleasure of seeing the most beautiful scenery in Westmoreland and Cumberland. I passed by the 'Queen of the Lakes,' Windermere, and saw its glassy surface without a ripple, reflecting the glorious mountains surrounding it—passed through the little town of Ambleside, by Grassmere lake, and several others, beholding the most charming views that the eye and the heart love to dwell upon. In going down to Keswick we had a splendid view of the Derwent-water, sleeping in a hazy atmosphere surrounded by hills of extraordinary beauty, and with the peculiar effect of light and shadow which prevailed at the moment, I thought it one of the loveliest sights I ever saw. However, as my object at present is not landscape painting, we'll pass on if you please. On the north side of Cross-thwaite Church, and near the west end, Robert Southey lies buried. You may be assured that I looked on his grave with love and reverence. I found a solitary daisy growing upon it, and I said to myself as I plucked it:—Fit emblem of the purity of the sleeper below, I shall treasure thee.

"On my return I had to visit a slate quarry in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and to report to Mr. Scott on the quality and colour of the material. This was on a Saturday, and as I had lost the mail by viewing the quarry, I had to stay at Ambleside until mid-day on Sunday. Mine host of the Inn at Ambleside and I got very gracious over our brandy and water, and again in the evening, and the following colloquy took place:—'Wordsworth lives in this neighbourhood, don't he?' 'Yes. Close by at Mount Rydal,' said mine host. 'Do you think I could see him to-morrow morning?' said I. 'I don't think you can,' said he, 'for he is getting old and indifferent about seeing people; many gentlefolks call in their carriages and merely leave their cards.' 'Come now,' said I, 'what will you bet me that I don't see him?' 'A glass of brandy and water.' 'Very well, done,' said I, 'have you a stationer's shop in your town?' 'Yes.' 'Where?' 'There.' I sallied out and said to the bookseller, 'Have you any of Wordsworth's works here?' 'Yes, we have the *Excursion*, and his *Description of the Cumberland Lakes*.' 'Let me have the *Description of the Lakes*. How much is it?' 'Six-and-sixpence,' said he. 'Very well, there's the money—good night.' On the Sunday morning I wrote a note similar to this:—

"Mr. John Jones, from Denbighshire, North Wales, respectfully begs leave to present his compliments to Mr. Wordsworth, and would be glad to have his autograph in the accompanying book. I walked up to Rydal Mount, rang the bell, and said to the servant, 'Have the kindness to give this book and the note to Mr. Wordsworth?' Whether he was pleased that a Welshman appreciated him and his works, or whether it was a happy recollection of a visit which he had paid to Denbigh many years ago, I do not know, but in two minutes I found myself sitting with him in his library. I told him that I was an assistant to Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, the Ecclesiastical Architects, and my business in the neighbourhood; but I did not say a word about my being a dabbler in the gentle art myself. Our discourse was confined, principally, to mediæval architecture, and he really knew a great deal about it. He told me if I would stay until Monday, he would be glad to walk over with me to Grassmere Church, as he wished to have a professional opinion of a part that required restoring. I told him that nothing would give me greater pleasure than doing him a little service, but unfortunately I was tied to time, and that it was absolutely necessary I should be at Worsley that night. We chatted for about twenty minutes. He went to church, and I returned to the inn, and satisfied the landlord that I had won the wager, for I showed him the book with Wordsworth's auto-

graph in it. I ought to say a word or two about his personal appearance. He appeared to me a hale old gentleman between sixty and seventy, with a bald head, with the exception of a little soft silvery hair immediately above the ears. His head was in a capital state for phrenological observations, as the development could be seen without feeling them. His forehead was narrow, but spreading out considerably across the organs of ideality. He was broader still across the organs of cautiousness. His cautiousness was as fully developed as a Scotchman's, and this is something new in the bardic tribe, for generally speaking they are as incautious as the d— I would wish them to be.

"His organs of wonder and veneration were also strongly developed, and the whole cranium with its polished skin was delightful to behold. He had a large prominent nose, slightly Roman in shape—one of those peculiarly formed noses that you would swear by at first sight, as belonging to a clever man. His eyes were keen, dark, and piercing; and altogether there was an air of shrewdness about the countenance quite reverse of any pre-conceived notions you might have had of him in reading his works.

"Anybody would fancy (at any rate, I used to do so) that he was a dreamy, listless-looking person, instead of which, it struck me forcibly at the time, that he would be a capital hand to drive a hard bargain with a Welsh pig-driver at a fair, and you know what a bobbery they kick up in a Welsh fair, about twopence halfpenny in the price of a pig. I have been much amused with the opinion of an old woman in the neighbourhood of Wordsworth. 'There he goes boozing about the woods for hours together, and at other times he can act as sensibly as any other man!' Poor Wordsworth! Peace to his memory!

"Did you ever enjoy a Westmoreland breakfast? If not, do so at the first opportunity; for, by St. George, they know how to live in that country. In going to bed at Ambleside, I said to the waiter, 'Call me up at eight, and let me have breakfast at half-past.' When I sat down to breakfast, as the solitary occupant of the room, I found tea, coffee, toast, muffins, bread-and-butter, eggs, mutton-chops, ham, potted char, potted trout, and mountain honey with the flavour of the heath upon it—all of the best quality, and for the small sum of two shillings. By St. George, said I again, these people know how to live, and I have a great regard for people who know how to live well—that's a fact. But let us return to our muttons, as the French say. In a few months after this, I had to return to London to Messrs. Scott and Moffatt's offices. I had placed the daisy from Southey's grave in the book with Wordsworth's autograph. I left the book in the office, and as there were ten or twelve clerks and pupils engaged, somebody marched the book off, by mistake of course, and I have not seen it from that day to this. As Paddy said, 'My the divil niver run away sideways wid him.' Amen, so be it. When I commenced I thought of giving you a description of my two visits to Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire, the Seat of Lord Byron,* but as this communication is too long already, I must defer it until I find myself in another gossiping humour.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"TALHAIRN."

DANTE'S REFERENCE TO SARDANAPALUS:
"PAR." XV. 107-8.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks. Oct. 31, 1856.

In the Heaven of Mars the spirit of Cacciaguida. Dante's great-great-grandfather, is represented as contrasting the simplicity and innocence of Florence as he knew it with the effeminacy and luxury of the Florentines of Dante's day; in the course of his remarks he says:

"Non sera quinto ancor Sardanapalo

A mostrar ciò che in camera si puote."

Par. xv. 107-8.

* This letter on Byron appears in the same paper for December 18, 1852.

Pietro di Dante and other early commentators refer to Juvenal—

"Et Venere, et cenis, et pluma Sardanapali"

(x. 362)—

as the source of this allusion to Sardanapalus. It is not improbable, however, that Dante had in mind the account given by Aegidius Romanus in his *De Regimine Principum*, a work with which he was certainly familiar, for he quotes it in the *Convivio* (iv. 24). It is remarkable that Dante makes use of the same phrase ("in camera") as Aegidius does, who says:

"Si decet personam regiam ostendere se reverendam et honore dignam, maxime indecens est eam esse intemperatam. Exemplum autem hujus habemus in rege Sardanapallo, qui cum esset totus muliebris et deditus intemperantiae, ut recitatur in antiquis historiis, non exibat extra castrum suum ut haberet colloquia cum baronibus regni sui, sed omnes colloquutiones ejus erant in cameris ad mulieres, et per litteras mittebat baronibus et ducibus quod vellet eos facere."

In the old Italian translation (*circ.* 1288) the use of the phrase "nella camera," to represent the "chambering" of Sardanapalus, is still more striking:

"Quello re Sardanapalo era sì nontemperato, ched'elli s'era tutto dato ai dilette de le femmine e de la lussuria, e non usciva fuore de la sua camera per andare a parlare ad alcuno barone del suo reame, anzi lo mandava per lettera, ciò che elli voleva che i sui prenzzi facessero. Che tutte le sue parole, e tutto il suo intendimento era ne la camera in seguire le sue malvagie volontà di lussuria" (l. 16).

This seems, on several grounds, a more likely source of the reference than Juvenal, with whom Dante does not betray any very close acquaintance.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

BROWNING'S "POPE AND THE NET."

Baltimore, U.S.A.: Oct. 20, 1896.

In the ACADEMY of October 10 Dr. Garnett, quoting Dr. Berdo's belief that Browning invented the story of "The Pope and the Net" in one of the poems of his last volume, *Asolando*, adds: "This appears to me highly probable."

There is a parallel between Browning's "The Pope and the Net" and the 149th novella of Franco Sacchetti. In Sacchetti, an abbot of Toulouse, feigning great humility, always ate small fish, until made Archbishop of Paris. Then, to his steward, who brought him his usual frugal fare, he cried out, "Know, fool, that I ate small fish while fishing for big. Now I have caught it, henceforth bring me no other."

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOV. 8, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Straits Settlements," by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Andrew Clarke.

7 p.m. Ethical: "Culture," by Prof. W. P. Ker. TUESDAY, NOV. 10, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Lower Extremity," I., by Prof. W. Anderson.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Inter-British Trade," by Mr. John Lowles.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Tower Bridge: Superstructure," by Mr. G. Crutwell; and "The Machinery of the Tower Bridge," by Mr. Sam. G. Homfray.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: Introductory Address by the President, Sir Clements Markham; "The Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition," by Mr. A. M. Brice.

8.30 p.m. Imperial Institute: "Illustrations of the Work of the Scientific and Technical Research Department," by Prof. Wyndham Dunstan.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 8 p.m. Mathematical: Presidential Address, "The Combinatorial Analysis," by Mr. the Geometrical Calculus," I., by Herr Lasker; "An Essay on the Symbolic Logic," by Mr. H. MacColl; "A General Integral with some Physical Applications," by Mr. G. J. Hurst; "Ratio," by Prof. M. J. M. Hill; "The Geometrical Construction of Models of Cubic Surfaces," by Mr. W. H. Blythe; "Theory of Vortex Rings," by Mr. H. S. Carslaw; "Differentiation of Spherical Harmonics," by Mr. E. G. Gallop; "The Application of Jacobi's Dynamical Method to the Problem of Three Bodies."

and "Certain Properties of the Mean Motions and the Secular Accelerations of the Principal Arguments used in the Lunar Theory," by Prof. E. W. Brown.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "Telephone Trunk Lines," by Mr. John Gavey.
FRIDAY, Nov. 13, 4 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: General Meeting; Addresses by Prof. Petrie and Mr. D. G. Hogarth.

5 p.m. Physical: "Röntgen Rays," by Prof. Threlfall and Mr. Pollock; "The Absorption of Electric Waves along Wires by a Terminal Bridge," by Dr. Barton and Mr. Bryan.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Lower Extremity," II., by Prof. W. Anderson.

SCIENCE.

The School of Plato: its Origin, Development, and Revival under the Roman Empire. By F. W. Bussell. (Methuen.)

THE real subject of Mr. Bussell's book is perhaps, as he admits, scarcely indicated by its title. He is not so much concerned with Plato and the Platonic schools as with the Roman imperial age. But for a proper appreciation of the problems which perplexed men under the Empire, he finds it necessary to examine "the whole course of Greek speculation from start to finish": so that in the present volume—an introductory one—we begin with the earliest Ionic philosophers and finish with the Neo-Platonists. Mr. Bussell has chosen what is at least an unconventional method in dealing with his tremendous subject. He might, for instance, have traced the way in which the questions of Greek and Roman life and thought received their answer, if only a formal one, in the Christian religion. But such a point of view he expressly rejects. For, though he considers that the significance of the Roman age consists in "the exhaustive examination and arduous labour given to such topics as Freedom, Duty, Immortality, the Divine Nature, and the Purpose of the Cosmic Process," yet "the result is, of course, as before—an open question." Nor does he, on the other hand, treat the various philosophies he passes under review solely as objects of interest in and for themselves. While the more famous Platonic doctrines are barely mentioned, the question whether Plato believed in the Deity "as Personal and Benevolent Will or as an impersonal essence of unconscious goodness" is debated at considerable length. Similarly, the greater portion of the chapter devoted to Aristotle is concerned with what is of quite secondary importance in his system—the Aristotelian conception of the Deity. Mr. Bussell has rather chosen a middle course. Treating the great ancient philosophers not as mere dead bodies for purposes of dissection, and yet without reading into them doctrines and perplexities alien to their day, though of vital importance to our own, he has examined their writings in the light of one special interest and with one object steadily before him. That object he defines in his Prologue as the

"Rebellion of the Individual; his assurance (or illusion) of Freedom; and the attempts he makes to explain, to justify, to reconcile the universe to himself, to express it in terms of himself (beyond this relative truth no philosophy can claim to penetrate), and finally, for the guidance of his own practical life, to establish a *modus vivendi* with this inscrutable Power beyond him, whether the Divine Being as deliberate and beneficent Creator, or an unconscious Destiny."

What Mr. Bussell has published in the present volume might be best described as a series of essays treating this great subject as exemplified in its historical aspect by the philosophies of Greece and of Roman Imperial times. In it all details have been rigorously suppressed: few references are permitted to the bearing for practice of ancient answers to modern problems; and in only one passage—where he alludes in terms of familiarity to

"the troubles of Achamoth and the potency of Abraxas; the 365 heavens and worlds of the Basilidians, and the mystic nuptials and impious sacraments of the Marcosians; Carpocrates, Epiphanius, the Adamites, and the various Ophitic and Naassene sects"—

does Mr. Bussell permit us to obtain a glimpse of that background of patient study in which he has been occupied, so he tells us, for a dozen years. The present book is only, so to speak, the metaphysical skeleton. Vexed questions and conflicting theories are reserved for succeeding volumes; and until those volumes appear it is difficult to criticise the present one with any approach to fairness.

Besides, Mr. Bussell disarms criticism in his preface by a frank confession of two apparent faults: "a seeming superficiality of treatment and a certain iteration of the main problem." Nevertheless, we cannot hold that Mr. Bussell is altogether to be acquitted upon either of these charges. It is impossible to avoid thinking that some at least of the recapitulations might have been omitted. So few are the names mentioned, so abstract is the treatment, so painful is the absence of "local colour," that in the later Essays on Stoicism one is sometimes at a loss to know whether in any given passage we are supposed to be dealing with Zeno and Cleanthes, or with the reflections of Epictetus. Nor can it be said that Mr. Bussell's style is likely to help his readers to a due appreciation of the gravity of his subject. It is no doubt well not to be too difficult and technical. Still, the ordinary phraseology has some advantages: a word of recognised philosophical significance serves as a landmark; we realise where we are when we see it. But Mr. Bussell's style, daringly modelled as it is on that of the late Mr. Pater, is at once so unorthodox and so buoyant that we scarcely realise, on coming to the end of the book, that we have been occupied with some of the deepest problems of life and thought. And it is certainly hard to find any adequate excuses for more than one of the "specious paradoxes" for which the author seems to anticipate reproof. For example, he is never tired of insisting upon the impossibility of Altruism. And doubtless it is quite true to say that "even the Christian never sacrifices himself—only his own; the notion of self-sacrifice (as commonly accepted) being a pure fallacy" (p. 198). Or again, that "true self-denial for the sake of others is only possible when man is convinced that his own personal welfare and ultimate happiness is in safe keeping. The unselfish temper cannot survive apart from the assurances of the Christian religion" (p. 69). But surely it would be more true to say that the assurances of the Christian

religion are valueless, except for one who possesses the unselfish temper. And do not all such paradoxes run the risk of being either such obvious truisms as to be aggressively untrue or, when pushed to their consequences, positively dangerous? To argue, as Mr. Bussell does (p. 168), that the suicide of the voluptuary is the natural end of a wasted, because a purely unselfish, life, is worse than trifling. To be driven by such theories to despair of one's country is worst of all. When the author argues that

"there is, beside the lesson of the past, another reason for supposing that the impulse of egoism will survive, perpetually menacing the stability of states, the disappearance of certain powerful sanctions of impulsive patriotism and dutiful self-sacrifice which may have prevailed in the ancient world, but which it is folly to hope to revive to-day,"

we can feel nothing but pity for him.

We cannot help thinking that Mr. Bussell has fallen into a more serious, because more fundamental, error, in the view which he has adopted with regard to the real character of the Roman Empire. He was, of course, justified in forsaking the old view, which regarded the Emperors as the most blood-thirsty tyrants and their subjects as the most down-trodden of slaves. But his love of paradox has led him into the other extreme. To him the rule of the Emperors appears the perfection of government, and the time when the world was under their sway a kind of Golden Age. We are told, for instance, that

"the free and enfranchised citizen to-day is worse off than a slave under the Roman Empire" (p. 11).

"So perfect was the arrangement of social life, of easy communication, of equitable justice, of internal comfort, of civil administration, that the eyes of men were insensibly directed upwards from the present to a new domain; for this present condition was incapable of improvement, was consummate, and therefore superseded itself" (p. 13).

It was precisely out of this blissful condition of things that Roman philosophy, not to say Christianity, arose. Philosophers were so surfeited with the good things of this world that they felt obliged, out of sheer *ennui*, to invent another. Wearied by the delights of a monotonous Elysium, and bored by the beneficence of their magnanimous rulers, men murdered a Nero and adored a Christ! On the face of it Mr. Bussell's theory seems scarcely probable. Still less credible does it appear when applied to actual facts. For the sake of consistency, Stoicism is obliged to figure as a creed which appealed only to the cultured, to the leisured few who could afford to think, who, in the last resort, fell back upon asceticism for much the same reasons that make Mr. Bussell's voluptuary find in suicide a sole remaining pleasure. Yet that Stoicism was an attempt, forlorn it may have been, but nevertheless genuine, to provide palliatives for real grievances and a satisfaction for real wants, who, at this hour, will deny? To appeal to the fact that the great Stoic leaders were individually men of culture and leisure is no argument. One might as well deny the real existence of present-day labour problems, on the ground that Socialist leaders are

not entirely uneducated. And when Mr. Bussell proceeds to draw interesting parallels between the Empire as it presents itself to his eyes and our own times, we fancy that few people will be inclined to accept his conclusions. He finds the problems of the two ages much the same, and cheerfully acquiesces in the fact that, in our attempts to meet those problems, "we are only coming back tentatively and half terrified at our boldness to the first axioms of the Roman political system" (p. 12). The most striking point of similarity is to be found in the absence of political interest common to our own and Roman Imperial times. We are at last beginning to learn, like the subjects of the Emperors, to dispense with all such futilities as voting power, "the absorbing pursuits of the statesman, the governor, the mandarin"—these "ungrateful and prosaic toils"—and the rest of the "sublime functions of civil government" (p. 8). "At last we have arrived at the real grievance of the working people: they do not care to exercise meaningless rights, unless by such exercise they secure material advantages" (p. 9). How these material advantages are to be secured, the author does not say. But Socialism, at all events, will not help us, for Mr. Bussell

"cannot help being amused at certain modern reformers who look forward to the suppression of the unit in the interests of the whole—and appeal pitifully to the person that he should permit himself to become a limb of an organism instead of an end in himself, to forego rights which are his by nature, inheritance, or political concession" (p. 68).

Nor must we trust that the progress of science will remove some of our difficulties. The so-called sciences are but shifting quicksands, concerned with things in their very nature unknowable and immaterial, and indifferent to the main practical business of life (p. 5). Presumably, then, all we have to look forward to is a paternal despotism founded upon Roman imperial lines. And are we once more to go the whole weary round of reiterated philosophies—Stoic, Epicurean, Neo-Platonist—before we reach the new era and the new religion?

The fact is that Mr. Bussell's view rests upon a misconception. It has become almost a commonplace to say that Plato and Aristotle hastened the dissolution of the Greek city state by comprehending it. But nobody has as yet been hardy enough to maintain that the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle arose because the actual Greek city state was consummate. Similarly, it is one thing to maintain that the rise of Stoicism and Christianity caused men to forget the rights and privileges of Republican times; it is another and a very different thing to hold that in men's forgetfulness of these rights and privileges, and their discontent with a too perfect present, is to be found the origin of Stoical and Christian ideas. To take away a cherished possession from a man is not the best way to make him forget it. The establishment of the Empire did not cause men to cease longing for Mr. Bussell's "empty abstractions"—their natural and civic rights and privileges. It was precisely because the rights which Augustus granted his subjects were empty

and meaningless that the philosophy of Imperial times arose. And when under later Emperors even these semblances of privileges were taken away, then the ineradicable desires of mankind found satisfaction, if not in a reorganised society, at least in a visible church. It was not the Empire but Christianity which caused men to forget the ideals of Republican times; and then only by the introduction of higher notions of rights and duties. And to ask us, who for centuries have been in possession of these higher notions, to ignore the many mistakes of the Roman Empire, against which its own thinkers were a protest, and to accept the answers which it gave to its problems, is to advise us to accept the disease for the cure, and to make of the whole procession of Roman philosophies up to and including Christianity a melancholy catalogue of shadowy unrealities.

We have said that it is impossible to criticise what, after all, is the more important portion of Mr. Bussell's book—the account of the various metaphysical doctrines themselves—until his succeeding volumes appear. We are nevertheless somewhat astonished to hear in the present one that the decorous wise man of Aristotle lacks the elevating influence of an ideal (p. 214). Statements like this make us look forward to Mr. Bussell's future volumes with interest. But may we hope to be spared in them such new words as "ingenuity," "leisure," "paradisaic," and such phrases as "the venerable and prolific feracity of Nature's generative process"?

H. H. WILLIAMS.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

How to Study Wild Flowers. By the Rev. G. Henslow. (Religious Tract Society.) "I propose selecting," says Mr. Henslow, "about seventy of the principal families of British flowering plants, describing in sufficient length for recognition the most prominent features of one or more species of the commoner genera." Beside the help thus offered in acquiring a working acquaintance with the British flora, Mr. Henslow has a second object in view: to supply an explanation, or at least suggestions, about the use or function of the peculiarities which he has to indicate. To do this is to place botany on a somewhat deeper basis than elementary works generally offer, and to enrich the study with new interest; and Mr. Henslow's explanations are, it is fair to say, not ridden too hard or pushed too far. Further, there is an introduction (pp. 13-40), which is perhaps rather stiff reading, but which no student will ever regret mastering. It is remarkably full and clear for its size, and the learner's interests are safeguarded in another way too: for having said plainly that accurate habits are the thing to aim at, and that there is no royal road to botanical knowledge, Mr. Henslow is careful to add that the living plants themselves must be examined alongside of their printed descriptions. Let the student, then, lend himself willingly and honestly to the author's direction, and he will, we feel sure, very soon acquire a real knowledge of his country's flowers.

WE have received a report of the committee appointed by the British Association to make a digest of the observations on the migration of birds taken at lighthouses and light-vessels during the years 1880 to 1887. The digest itself has been compiled by Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, of the

Science and Art Museum, Edinburgh. Though a pamphlet of only twenty-seven pages, to be purchased at Burlington House for sixpence, it is not unworthy to be compared with Herr Gatke's classical work on *The Birds of Heligoland*. Here will be found no attractive theories, nor even any statements that admit of being reproduced in dogmatic form, but merely a clear summary of the recorded facts, under three headings. First, we have the arrivals and departures discussed from the point of view of geography, distinguishing the migrations from Northern and from Central Europe; next, the same migrations are treated according to the time of year—autumn, winter, and spring; and finally—what is perhaps the most important section—the whole body of materials has been collated with the daily weather reports issued by the Meteorological Office, with the result of showing that the connexion is much more intimate than had been suspected. It is hardly necessary to say that it is the weather in the region from which the birds come, and not the weather in the region to which they are bound, that induces their movement. If he meets with sufficient encouragement, Mr. Clarke proposes to work out the details of migration for each of the species to which the observations refer.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have published a pamphlet entitled *Rules for Regulating Nomenclature*, which has been compiled by Lord Walsingham and Mr. J. H. Durrant, with a view to secure a strict application of the law of priority in entomological work. The rules are at present in force for guiding all work done in the study of microleptoptera at Merton Hall, Lord Walsingham's seat in Norfolk; but they are well worth the attention of students in all departments of zoology. The rules are illustrated, like the Indian codes, with representative examples.

MESSRS. WILLIAM WESLEY & SON, of Essex-street, Strand, have sent us three new issues of their "Natural History and Scientific Circulars." One, dealing with astronomy, contains nearly 1800 entries, elaborately classified, including books from the libraries of Sir G. B. Airy and the late A. C. Ranyard. The other two cover the whole field of zoology, sub-divided into vertebrata and invertebrata. There are special headings for such subjects as evolution, geographical distribution, taxidermy, birds' eggs, and economic entomology.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

THE session of the Anthropological Institute will commence on Tuesday, November 10, at 8.30 p.m., at 3, Hanover-square, when Mr. H. Balfour will exhibit and comment upon a remarkable bow and arrows from Egypt, believed to be of Assyrian origin, and will read "The Life History of an Aghori Fakir," with exhibition of drinking vessels made of human skulls. Mr. Balfour will also exhibit specimens of various Indian preparations of hemp (*cannabis sativa*) for consumption. Mr. C. H. Read will exhibit a curious carving in wood, apparently modelled after a representation of the Sphinx, which was executed by a Haida Indian about sixty years ago, and was found in a house in a deserted village near Masset, in the Queen Charlotte Islands; with this will be exhibited a wooden dancing-mask representing a bird's head, also from the North-West Coast of America. Among the papers promised for future meetings are: "North American Wampum Belts," by Prof. E. B. Tylor, with illustrations, for December 8; "The Natives of New Georgia (Solomon Islands)" by Lieutenant Boyle T. Somerville, R.N., for November 24; "The Tyrrhenians, and Prehistoric Archaeology in Italy," by Dr. Oscar Montelius; "The Transi-

tion from the Use of Copper to the Use of Bronze," by Dr. J. H. Gladstone; "The Nagas and other Hill Tribes of the North-East Frontier of India," by Miss G. M. Godden. Most of these papers will be illustrated with exhibitions and also by the optical lantern.

THE last number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Society of Bombay (Kegan Paul & Co.) contains a paper by Mr. G. K. Betham, of the forest department, entitled "An Archaeological Tour in North Kanara." It purports to describe some Buddhistic remains to be found in this wild, mountainous district, half way down the western coast of the peninsula. But, unfortunately, no proof is given that the remains are Buddhistic; indeed, there is every reason to believe that there are really Jain. For example, we are told of a row of twenty-four statues, carved out of black rock. These, of course, must be the twenty-four Jain Tirthankaras, though the names given are different. Apparently in connexion with them, is an image of Chandranath, "perfectly nude"—an infallible mark of Jainism. And if another image, "seated cross-legged in an attitude of prayerful meditation," is called Siddha, that is no reason to suppose it to be Siddhartha, one of the names of Buddha. The truth is, that the whole of this part of India abounds with indications of the former prevalence of Jainism, which have never yet been subjected to critical archaeological examination.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to award a special gold medal to Dr. Fridthof Nansen, in recognition of the value of the geographical and other scientific work which has been accomplished by his North Polar expedition. Dr. Nansen has already received a royal medal from the society. It is now not expected that he will be able to arrive in England before the beginning of February, when he has promised to read a paper at a special meeting of the fellows, to be held in the Queen's Hall.

It is announced that Lord Rayleigh will not seek re-election as one of the joint secretaries of the Royal Society.

At a meeting of the Physical Society, to be held on Friday next at Burlington House, a paper will be read on "Röntgen Rays," by Prof. Threlfall and Mr. Pollock.

At the first meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held last week, Dr. W. Pole, F.R.S., who recently resigned the post of honorary secretary, was by special vote elected an honorary member; and it was announced that Mr. James Forrest, the secretary, had been compelled by failing health to retire from active duty, after a connexion with the Institution of fifty-four years.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER and Prof. Michael Foster were elected honorary members of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, at the last annual meeting, in the place of Huxley and Pasteur.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately the Autobiography of Sir George Biddell Airy, astronomer-royal from 1836 to 1881, edited by Mr. Wilfrid Airy.

At the general monthly meeting of the members of the Royal Institution held on Monday, it was announced that the Christmas lectures specially adapted for children will this year be given by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, his subject being "Visible and Invisible Light." It was also announced that the managers had elected Dr. Augustus D. Waller Fullerton professor of physiology for three years, in succession to Prof. Charles Stewart; and Dr. Alexander Scott to be superintendent of the

Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory, of which the directors are Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Dewar. The special thanks of the members were returned to the proprietors of the *Times*, Dr. Ludwig Mond, Prof. Dewar, and Sir Andrew Noble, for their donations to the fund for the promotion of experimental research at low temperatures. After the meeting, the members inspected the new rooms which have been lately added to the Library through the munificence of Dr. Ludwig Mond, which will provide increased accommodation on the Friday evening meetings.

THE winter course of lectures in the scientific department of the Imperial Institute will be opened next Monday with a discourse by Prof. Wyndham Dunstan, the newly appointed director, entitled "Some Illustrations of the Work of the Scientific and Technical Department of the Imperial Institute." After the lecture, the research laboratories will be open for the inspection of visitors, and a number of interesting exhibits will be on view. The subsequent arrangements include two illustrated lectures on "The Diamond Fields of Kimberley," by Dr. W. Crookes, who will discuss the nature and probable origin of the diamond, giving the result of his own recent researches; "Rubies, Natural and Artificial," with special reference to their occurrence in the British Empire, by Prof. J. W. Judd; "Flight, Natural and Artificial," by Dr. J. H. Bryan; "Some Food Grains of India," by Prof. A. H. Church; and "The Timber Supply of the British Empire," by Dr. Schlich, of Cooper's Hill.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, with Dr. W. H. Perkin as chairman, to celebrate the jubilee of the introduction of science teaching into the City of London School, by Mr. Thomas Hall in 1847. It is proposed to establish a Hall memorial fund, for the endowment of prizes or a scholarship in scientific studies.

THE Elliott prize for scientific research, founded by the late Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, was awarded to Babu Yati Bhusana Bhaduri, M.A., of Calcutta, who has since been appointed demonstrator in chemistry at the Presidency College. His prize essay, on "The Transformation of Hypochlorites to Chlorates," is printed in the last issue of the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in the natural history section. This number also contains a second instalment of "Materials for a Carcinological Fauna of India," by Mr. A. Alcock, superintendent of the Indian Museum, dealing with the *Brachyura Oxystoma*, which is illustrated with three plates.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 24.)

CYRIL H. WALKER, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mrs. Meyrick Heath read a paper on "Lodge's *Rosalinde*." As a matter of fact, the dry bones which often serve as a framework for Shakspeare to clothe with flesh and blood are seldom in themselves very entertaining; but in this case the very fact that Shakspeare took more than dry bones—took, in fact, much of the very texture of Lodge's book, while he added three original characters to redeem and enliven the whole—may point out that the novel by Lodge is worthy of serious attention. The story is written in a style that often to its own advantage forgets Lyly and the language of fashion, and lapses happily into simple and idyllic beauty, or into lyric verse of no mean order. It contains much of the friendship-ideal so generally presented to us in "As You Like It," and Touchstone's name was not improbably derived from Sir John's dying words. The first love-sonnets and verses hung on trees in the forest of Arden are in the novel the work of Montanus, a shepherd, the counterpart of Silvius in the play, and, like him, the disdained suitor of Phebe. Montanus is a very classical and accomplished

shepherd, as in most early pastoral romances—he even rhymes in French. Shakspeare doubtless did well to make Orlando only the rhymer; but Orlando might have been awarded some of the real poetry which rings occasionally in Montanus's verse, instead of being condemned to the very "false gallop" of doggerel as he is by Shakspeare. It would not have made Orlando less admirable, had he written good lyrics rather than bad ones. In "As You Like It" there is no worthy equivalent to Lodge's sweet lyric "Phebe sate." On the other hand, the "Wooping Eclogue," or the mock love scene in verse between Rosader and Rosalynde, is outdone in good taste, fancy, and humour by Shakspeare's prose rendering of the same idea. But the last scene of "As You Like It" has some imperfections and great evidence of haste. It is altogether more strained and unnatural than the end of the novel. "Hymen" is an unnecessary and awkward appendage; and the pagan ceremony with which the couples are united is not satisfactory, while it is extremely sketchy. The disposal of the usurper—who is killed in a conflict with the rightful duke's retainers—is much more natural than converting him by the vague "old religious man." And even Adam, whom Shakspeare so churlishly dropped out in the middle of the play, is suitably rewarded. But then the play contains—what the novel does not supply any original for—the quaint semi-philosophical melancholy of the courtier Jaques, and the broad humour and delicate shading of the worthy fool, Touchstone, and his rustic love Audrey. In themselves, these additions are sufficient to raise the play as a work of art high above the story. Shakspeare's unerring judgment saw the excellence of his original; and with simple and unpretending humility he paid Lodge the sincere compliment of taking from him far more than it was his custom to take from others. This, while it speaks well for Lodge, does not detract one whit from Shakspeare's fame.—Miss Alice Winkworth, in a note on "The Conversion of Oliver," said that, unless all identity of the Oliver of the first act with the Oliver of the last is destroyed, it is impossible to conceive of Celia's loving him. Such a monster of meanness and treachery could not by any imaginable conversion be changed into a fit husband for the gentle and unselfish Celia. And far from this being necessary to the happy conclusion, one feels that any fate would have been preferable, even a marriage with the melancholy Jaques. It is even more impossible to conceive of Oliver's conversion than of the Duke's, as there might have been some reasons of policy to strengthen the exhortations of the "old religious man." Perhaps at the present time it is more than ever difficult to see any resemblance in this device of sudden changes of character: our *deus ex machina* is more often a wonderful coincidence or turn of events.—Mr. Leo. Grindon, in a paper on "The Stage Rosalind," said that, although it may be too much to assert, with Lamb, that "As You Like It" should not be tolerated on the stage, it may be allowed that, to render the part of Rosalind as the poet conceived it, is a task almost beyond human powers. The mixture of wit and sprightliness, in that most winsome of Shakspeare's heroines, with the deepest passion and tenderness and womanliness is unique and almost supernatural. How is mortal woman to render such things recognisable by voice, and gesture, and change of attitude? Who shall display, perfectly and each in succession, the varying nuances of this marvellously composite character? Rosalind, opulent in respect of all maidenly graces, teaches us that words can sparkle while being uttered, and that there can be merry and joyous laughter in the simple sound of the voice. Best of all, her sweet gaiety is contagious: our souls are the healthier for her ministrations, which we imbibe all the while unconsciously. All that she says and does is so entirely unstudied: everything seems to grow out of the situation, as if it were seen and heard for the first time. The initial difficulty in regard to the representative of Rosalind upon the stage would seem to reside in the actress having to exhibit a dual character. In the first act she is under a cloud—almost a captive in the house of her usurping uncle, and living as a dependant upon Celia. While here she has to be marked by reserve and quiet dignity. She is Celia's subordinate. Although the stronger-souled of the two, she refrains from showing her natural superiority. In the free life of the forest, on the other hand, she becomes, by her

wit and temperament, the natural leader. Here, too, her roguishness gets distinctly the better of her tropidation. In acting the part, Rosalind's fitness for command should be brought out, by a studied self-restraint and self-subordination, difficult, perhaps, to portray, but essential. Afterwards she is independent. When she hits upon the idea of disguising herself in man's apparel, she assumes the command over Celia that nature has qualified her for. Now she changes from Celia's companion to Celia's guide; and this unquestionably is the moment when, in acting, the change should take place. But how hard to represent adequately! Another test of an actress's power consists in her remembering that, while Rosalind the wit is good, we come to see Rosalind the woman. The bright, joyous, ready-witted girl, up to the time when her love is intensified by fear for Orlando's safety, on the instant becomes a woman, and surrenders herself to the emotional side of her nature. The woman's nature comes to be well-remembered again by the actress when Rosalind exclaims, "But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?" The actress who aspires to impersonate Rosalind must have the sensibility of Viola and the wit of Beatrice, for these pertain to the heroine of "As You Like It." She must be animated and dulcet in manner, excitable in temperament, and abound withal in good humour. — Mr. Walker referred to some of the well-known textual difficulties of "As You Like It," which have to be met by emendation. — Mr. L. M. Griffiths called attention to the Long and Short Time in the play, and cited the instances given by Dr. Furness in his Variorum edition, which prove the existence of this Double Time. He also referred to the work on the same subject by Prof. Wilson (*Blackwood*, November, 1849, and April, 1850) and the Rev. N. J. Halpin, much of which is reprinted in part ii. of the New Shakespeare Society's *Translations*, 1875-6.

HELLENIC (Monday, Nov. 2.)

PROF. LEWIS CAMPBELL in the chair. — Mr. Arthur J. Evans read a paper on "Further Discoveries of the Early Cretan Script." He said that he had already called attention to a system in Crete which was earlier than the Phœnician alphabet—earlier, too, than the Semitic letters. A variety of data from seals and inscribed stones disclosed a resemblance to other systems, and especially to later Greek forms. Some of these seals went as far back as the XIIIth Dynasty in Egypt, and to some extent showed Egyptian influence; but for the most part they were indigenous. Further visits to Crete had enabled him to add to the material which he had previously collected. The existence of rich beds of steatite furnished the means of engraving. The earliest class of these sealstones was of a linear character, whence by degrees they were developed into a more definitely pictographic style. On the site of Poestos remains were found which disclosed a striking resemblance to pre-Mycenæan pottery. It was the Mycenæan influence which led to the engraving of harder stones, and the passage from one to the other furnished valuable chronological guidance. It was true that, on the break-up of the Mycenæan civilisation, there was a reversion to the softer material; but there were clear and marked distinctions between the earliest work and the later geometrical forms. In truth, the evolution of form could be traced in uninterrupted succession. It was interesting to note the appearance on one of the earlier stones of a new symbol: namely, the spider, which was found on the site of Miletus, probably the mother city of Miletus in Asia Minor. This seemed to point to a spinning industry and recalled the legend of Arachne, of which the centre was Colophon. Later seals with a more pictographic character of writing seemed to belong to an intermediate class. Mr. Evans illustrated the various periods and the transitions from one to another by enlarged illustrations of the specimens which he had discovered.

FINE ART.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

THE Egypt Exploration Fund has just issued its archaeological report for 1895-96, which can be obtained from Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Mr. Quaritch, or Messrs. Asher. Like the three preceding issues, it is edited by Mr. F. Ll. Griffith, who himself contributes not the least valuable section—that dealing with the general progress of Egyptology during the past twelve months. He here summarises what has been done, not by the Fund alone, in excavations and explorations, the publication of texts (hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic), history, geography, foreign relations, philology, religion and mythology, literature, science, manners and customs, ancient and Arab art. Mr. F. G. Kenyon, of the British Museum, deals in the same way with Græco-Roman Egypt, which has grown so much in importance with the recent discovery of papyri. Incidentally he tells us that he hopes a second volume of "Greek Papyri in the British Museum," relating chiefly to the Roman period, will appear in the course of 1897. Coptic studies are treated by Mr. W. E. Crum, under the headings of biblical and apocryphal, patristic, gnostic and magical, and miscellaneous. But, of course, the most interesting, if not the most valuable, part of the volume consists of the reports, by those employed by the Fund, of the results of their work during last season, in advance of more formal publication. For example, M. Naville here describes the concluding stages of his excavation of the temple at Deir el Bahari, and gives a touch of novelty by explaining the method of transporting obelisks, as shown on a bas-relief in the temple. It appears that two obelisks were carried in one big barge or raft, 120 cubits long, which was towed by a flotilla of thirty boats, with a total crew of more than a thousand men. Mr. D. G. Hogarth and Mr. B. P. Grenfell describe, with a brevity that is almost tantalising, their search for Greek papyri in the Faiyum, which was so successful that one of them at least will go there again this winter. We observe that their identification of the sites of Karanis and Bacchias is duly recorded in the map at the end of the volume.

SOMEWHAT of the same kind, though on a much more elaborate scale, is the *Chroniques D'Orient*, of which that indefatigable worker M. Salomon Reinach has just published a second series (Paris: Leroux), dedicated to Prof. W. M. Ramsay. The first series, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of November 14, 1891, covered the period from 1883 to 1890. The present series comprises a shorter period, from the autumn of 1890 to the autumn of 1895; but the increasing activity of archaeological discovery causes it to be hardly less in bulk. As our readers know, this work consists of a reprint of the annual reviews of discoveries and research in the department of Greek archaeology, which M. Reinach contributes to the *Revue Archéologique*. But it is important to point out that these reviews are not mere lists of extracts from the publications of others, but embody the author's critical judgment on the value and significance of the discoveries announced and the works reported on. M. Reinach justly claims, in his preface, that this is no slight task for one man to undertake, in addition to his regular duties as keeper of the Musée de Saint-Germain. We do not pretend to have searched his 600 and odd pages for minor omissions or inaccuracies. It is enough to say that, wherever the book may be opened, the reader will find an impartial statement of facts, recorded in limpid French; while the general summaries, at the beginning of each year's report, are stamped with the individuality of the writer. Needless to say that there is a copious index, which, to-

gether with the references in the notes, almost fills the place of a bibliography. We are glad that M. Reinach has added in an appendix his brilliant, though occasionally paradoxical, treatise entitled "Le Mirage Oriental," which we have commented on more than once in the ACADEMY during its appearance in the pages of *L'Anthropologie*; and also a paper which he read before the Académie des Inscriptions on "Nude Goddesses in Babylonian and Greek Art."

The Bible and the East. By C. R. Conder, Lieut.-Col. R.E. (Blackwoods.) The title of this book, coupled with the name of Col. Conder, might suggest that it is concerned with the Biblical books in relation to the geography of Palestine and the neighbouring lands, and also with the customs and usages of the inhabitants of those countries, matters in relation to which the author is a recognised authority. But the contents of the book do not justify such an anticipation, and Col. Conder boldly advances where we cannot follow him with full confidence. He rejects the fabric of Pentateuch criticism which has been so laboriously built up by recent scholars. He has a theory of his own which, however ingenious, is lacking in adequate evidence. We are asked to admit as probable that the Pentateuch, either wholly or in great part, was written or engraved in cuneiform characters on stone, if not on clay tablets. The varying use of the Divine names "Elohim" and "Jehovah" is explained as arising to a considerable extent from error or uncertainty in the transcription of the cuneiform characters into alphabetic writing. "It seems to be certain," says Col. Conder, "that alphabetic writing was unknown in the days of Moses." For the perplexing fact of the occurrence of narratives partly identical and partly divergent our author has an explanation. There may have been more than one cuneiform tablet; and there may have been variations in the narrative. In Assyria various copies of one tablet have been found, "which, though slightly different in wording, are substantially correct." In the Pentateuch both or all of the variant copies may have been transcribed and included. But our author adds suggestively, "To endeavour exactly to follow out the process of transcription would be a hopeless task." This theory has been suggested, no doubt, by the important discovery of the Tell-el-Amarna Tablets, and by the evidence thence derived of the ancient use of the cuneiform writing in Palestine itself. Our author is certainly not to be regarded as a bigoted traditionalist. A conspicuous proof is furnished by his account of the Exodus. He gives us something very different from the children of Israel passing through the midst of the sea on dry ground, with the waters a wall to them on the one side and on the other:

"Israel 'turned' to the south towards the wilderness, and crossed the shoals at the head of the Red Sea. The falling tide, in the uncertain April weather, was driven back by a 'contrary wind,' and the passage lay between the lagoons, so that the waters were a 'defence' on either side against attack. The change of wind and rising of the tide are recorded to have delayed the Egyptian pursuit, and led to the disaster in which they perished."

We read the "record" in the Hebrew of Exodus somewhat differently; but perhaps Col. Conder thinks that the transcriber who copied the original cuneiform narrative came here seriously to grief. With what is to be found elsewhere on the subject of the Exodus, we are not now concerned.

The Ancient Crosses at Gosforth, Cumberland. By Charles Arundel Parker. With several illustrations. (Elliot Stock.) This interesting little work, written by an F.S.A., who resides at Gosforth, gives an account of the remarkable

stone cross still standing in the churchyard at that place, and of two or three other crosses which formerly stood there, but of which only fragments now exist. Mr. Parker cites at length the speculations of the late Prof. Stephens, the Bishop of Stepney, and other archaeologists, with regard to the mixture of heathen and Christian symbolism in the sculptures. These conjectures are of very unequal value, and we must confess to decided scepticism, if not total disbelief, with regard to most of them; but the author has done well to collect the various theories that have been propounded on the subject, and his careful sketches will enable the qualified reader to form his own opinion on the controverted questions. The book also contains a description, with drawings, of a sculptured "hog's back" tombstone found at Gosforth in June last. Mr. Parker has committed himself to a good many statements with which we cannot agree, and in his references to northern mythology he has followed some very untrustworthy guides; but on the whole his little book does him much credit.

NUMISMATIC JOTTINGS.

MESSRS. SOTHEY have issued the catalogue of the third portion of the English series of the famous Montagu collection of coins, which will be sold by auction during seven days, from November 13 to 20. This portion comprises the gold and silver from Mary Tudor to Anne. The subsequent part of the collection was disposed of by Mr. Montagu during his lifetime; the English coppers are reserved for a separate sale. The catalogue, as usual, is in itself a numismatic guide, special pains having been taken to classify the local issues of Charles I., which have hitherto been assigned to uncertain mints. The following are some of the chief rarities enumerated: a ryal of Mary, the legend on which supports Ruding's reading, as against Kenyon's correction; a pattern half-crown of Philip and Mary, of which only two other specimens are known; a milled half-crown of Elizabeth, of which the only other specimen is in the British Museum; a pattern five-broad piece of Charles I., by Rawlin, which has the special interest of being the identical coin presented by the King to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold; a peculiarly fine example of the Oxford crown of Charles I.; the fifty-shilling piece and the crown of Cromwell, both by Simon; and the petition crown and the Reddite crown of Charles II., also by Simon, the last mentioned being in pewter as well as in silver. The catalogue is illustrated, not only with thirteen autotype plates, but also with a portrait of the late Hyman Montagu for frontispiece.

THE last number of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (London: Luzac) contains no less than four papers by Mr. Charles J. Rodgers, honorary numismatist to the Government of India, which he read before the society last May, when on the point of starting on a visit to England. They are illustrated with five plates, not autotype facsimiles, but from drawings by his own hand. One is a continuation of his supplements to the late Edward Thomas's "Chronicles of the Pathan Kings of Delhi," in which he takes the opportunity to express an emphatic opinion on the high value of that work. He here deciphers and describes thirty-one new coins or new types, scattered through different collections, some of which are unique. One of them shows that the Afghan Sher Shah assumed royalty long before he defeated the Mughal emperor Humayun. We may quote some general remarks made by Mr. Rodgers:

"Just now it should be a good time for collectors in India. The British Museum is no longer purchasing oriental coins. The Indian Government

declines to assist numismatics; and this means that funds will not be allotted to Indian museums, which are Government institutions, for the purchase of coins. Consequently, collectors have the market all to themselves. Unfortunately, caravans from Kabul are few and far between. Amrtear merchants inform me that it pays them better to deal with Bukhara via Batum, rather than by Kabul. Hence the Kabul traders who used to bring old coins with them to sell in Indian bazars, are now seldom seen. But in India itself new coins are always turning up, so there is no fear that novelties will cease just yet."

The second paper is on rare Mughal coins, describing twelve, mostly copper, which have come under Mr. Rodgers's notice since he published, quite recently, his work on "Copper Mughal Coins." The third is on Kashmir novelties, again supplementary to his own work, issued seventeen years ago, on "Copper Coins of the Maharajas and Sultans of Kashmir." He expresses a very low opinion of the artistic skill of the die-sinkers of Kashmir; but incidentally remarks that more than 6000 coins were lately sent to him from the Jammu mint, to classify and value. "It was a thorough numismatic feast, and I have not yet recovered from it." Finally, Mr. Rodgers describes and figures ten coins in the cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, which all come from Nimroz—a mysterious country lying west of Kandahar, about which the chroniclers have little to say. Only a few odd pieces from this mint have been described before. Earlier names for the country were Zaranj and Seistan.

THE total number of coins added to the cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal last year was 64, all under the Treasure Trove Act. Of these, 8 were gold, 15 silver, and 41 copper. They belong to the following classes: punch-marked, 5; Great Kushan, 3; Little Kushan, 5; ancient Hindu, 29; Muhammad Karluk, 6; Malwa, 6; Mughal, 3; Durani, 1; and old British, 6.

WE quote the following from the annual report of Mr. Edgar Thurston, superintendent of the Government Museum at Madras:

"The Museum was consulted in connexion with an extensive forgery of Mughal and other silver coins, the majority of which were forged square rupees of Akbar, struck from the same die, and bearing date 988.

"From a collection of old copper coins still current in Malabar, I selected, for the Museum, the rare coins of Tipu Sultan with tiger and battleaxe, and a Ceylon 2 stuiver bearing on the obverse the monogram VOC with the letter G (Galle?) above, and 28 below, and on the reverse the date 1783 with IL (Ilankai=Ceylon) in Tamil characters.

"The truth of a recent statement, that 'the soil is a better and surer recipient of ancient remains than libraries,' was borne out by a find, near Yellamanchali in the Vizagapatam district, of a large number of copper coins, identified by Dr. Hultsch as coins of the Eastern Chalukyan king Vishnuvardhana (663-672 A.D.), with legend Vishama Siddhi, as found on the seals of his two copper grants (*Indian Antiquary*, vii. 191, viii. 320).

"A find, consisting of three pagodas of the Vijayanagar king Bukka, and sixteen unpublished pagodas of the Vijayanagar king Harihara, from the village of Chagallu in the Anantapur district, were acquired under the Treasure Trove Act.

"A large number of rare Indo-Portuguese coins were purchased, as an addition to the existing collection of this interesting series of modern Indian numismatics."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. E. J. POYNTER—at present director of the National Gallery, formerly Slade professor of fine art at University College and also director of the national art training school at South Kensington—has been elected President of the

Royal Academy, in succession to the late Sir John Millais. At the same time, Millais' place among the Academicians has been filled by the election of Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., the architect of modern Oxford.

VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD has been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, in the room of the late Sir John Millais.

IN honour of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, the exhibition to be held next year at the Guildhall will consist of a selection of about 200 pictures by British artists of the Victorian epoch.

THE private view of the twenty-seventh exhibition of the New English Art Club is fixed for Saturday, November 14, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.

THE tenth ordinary general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Friday next, at 4 p.m., in the hall of the Zoological Society, 3, Hanover-square, with the president, Sir John Fowler, in the chair. Addresses are to be given by Prof. Flinders Petrie (whose future explorations in Egypt will be under the auspices of the Fund) and by Mr. D. G. Hogarth.

AN exhibition of Indian art work, brought together by the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, will be opened on Tuesday next, at 2 p.m., by Princess Christian, in the Indian Room of Lord Brassey's house, 24, Park-lane. The exhibition will remain open during the two following days.

MESSRS. HOWELL & JAMES, of Regent-street, will open next week their twelfth annual exhibition of old embroideries and brocades. The examples on this occasion are mostly of Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Sicilian manufacture.

A SPECIAL exhibition of photographic portraiture is now on view in the rooms of the Camera Club, Charing Cross-road.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH announces for issue next summer, in an edition of 300 copies *Finiguerra's Florentine Chronicle*, from the MS. in the British Museum, which once belonged to Mr. Ruskin. It contains ninety-nine large portraits in the rich Florentine costume of the end of the fourteenth century, with historical and descriptive text by Mr. Sidney Colvin. The work is being printed at the Imperial Press in Berlin, under the direction of Dr. F. Lippmann.

THE Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* will contain an article by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, on the late Sir J. E. Millais, illustrated by a great number of his pictures, which were partly chosen by the artist before his death.

THE New Year's number of the *Art Journal* will contain an etching after the picture by Sir J. E. Millais, entitled "In Perfect Bliss."

DR. HOFSTEDE DE GROOT, for some years assistant to Dr. Bredius at The Hague Gallery, has been appointed director of the print room in the Ryksmuseum at Amsterdam.

THE STAGE.

OF serious original work upon the English stage there is at the present moment absolutely none. The revival of "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum, and that of "Rosemary" (the charming piece produced last season) at the Criterion, are tributes at once to the judgment and the skill—might we not almost say the "genius?"—of Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Charles Wyndham; yet as they are revivals, and stand, moreover, alone, the statement with which we started has hardly got to be qualified. The stage is given over to melodrama, to light after-dinner

pieces full of quip and music and the dance, and to the adaptations of popular novels—which adaptations have by the success of these novels already received convenient advertisement before ever they are put upon the boards. In regard to melodrama, it is seen best at the Princess's and the Adelphi. At the first, "Two Little Vagabonds" is so decided and justified a hit that the Princess's has, on the strength of it, suddenly returned to the old scale of prices for admission. Exceptional cheapness—or the exceptional absence of dearness, rather (for no theatrical prices are really cheap)—no longer rules at that playhouse. At the Adelphi, "Boys Together" continues to go bravely, with Miss Millward and Mr. Terriss, Mr. Abingdon and Mr. Somerset, all seen to advantage, and the cast strengthened, we may add, by the appearance of Miss Alice Kingsley, a young comedienne who is ever welcome, and whose appearances have not of late been too frequent. She is *en train*, as the French say, to fulfil excellently the promise which she gave, and of which we were able to take note, some two or three years ago. There remain the lighter pieces, to be spoken of briefly. An otherwise quite amusing piece at the Shaftesbury has not been improved this week, by the introduction of a "side show" wholly without dramatic interest, and better fitted for Hull Fair or York Gala. When Miss Florence St. John is at the theatre, to sing with admirable art, why this mistake, we wonder? At the Garrick "Lord Tom Noddy" continues to delight. The chief attractions to the piece, in addition to what is more than tolerable music, are the quaint music-hall comedian called "Little Tich," who, in his own way, is as clever as it is possible to be, and Miss Mabel Love, nothing but an attractive dancer to begin with, but now by dint of work, intelligence, and sure improvement, a genuinely fascinating and most capable figure upon the stage of the light opera, or, if you prefer it, musical farce. Miss Mabel Love has feeling as well as humour, and her every gesture and movement is of naive, yet curious, grace.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL have been producing in the country a new piece of some importance, which is hardly likely to be long withheld from the London stage; especially as it is said to afford very appropriate employment to the talent of both these artists.

"LITTLE EYOLF,"—Ibsen's latest and weirdest, a piece which has some genius in it, but which the professed Ibsenite finds, like "The Master Builder," very little to his taste—is to be performed for some few mornings in a month or so, by Miss Elizabeth Robins and other intellectual players, whom we see always with interest, even if not with absolute approval. But that it should have been found necessary, as seems to have been the case, to organise these performances by circular and private subscription is an entertaining and conclusive commentary on the statements of professed Ibsenites, two or three years ago, that his triumph at the London theatres was quite assured. "Quite assured"—when nothing has been heard of it in the interval, and when, to produce at last "Little Eyolf," there has to be a circular, and an appeal, and an initiatory subscription! Yet, for all that, "Little Eyolf" will be really worth seeing; and in regard to Miss Robins, she has all our wishes for her success.

THE next performance of the Elizabethan Stage Society will be the comedy of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," to be acted in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, on Saturday afternoon, November 28. This is the first dramatic performance given in a civic hall within the memory of the present generation.

In a final note, let us record that there is already much curiosity about the version of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which is to be presented at the New Olympic. We are extremely glad to learn that Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Vera Beringer are engaged for the performance; for both of them are well fitted by grace, alertness, and personal distinction, to take part not only in customary drama, but in anything of the nature of unusual and artistic experiment.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE and Mr. Leonard Borwick gave a Song and Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall on Friday of last week, when both artists were thoroughly successful. This was a foregone conclusion: the programme was interesting, while the skill and earnestness of the performers are universally recognised. Of four old German sacred songs sang by Mr. Greene, we would particularly mention two cradle songs, one by C. D. Schubart, the other a quaint composition of the fourteenth century. The artist's fine delivery of Schubert's wonderful "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," won for him well-deserved applause; the variety of tone and colour was extraordinary. Mr. Borwick played Chopin's "Fantasia" in F minor, and other short solos, and for an encore gave Racmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor.

At Mr. Bispham's farewell concert last week—for he is about to win fresh honours in America—the programme contained an important novelty: namely, Four Serious Songs (Op. 121) by Brahms. The name of the composer raises high expectations, especially in the department of song, to which he has furnished so many noble specimens. The present collection contains some of his highest efforts. The title "Serious Songs" is no misnomer, for death is their theme. The first is a setting of the last four verses of the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, which tell of the common lot of the sons of men and of beasts. The opening section, with its mournful dirge-like vocal part and sombre accompaniment, is impressive. An agitated middle section, in which there are modulations, though still to minor keys, intensifies the gloom. The coda in 9-4 measure is masterly. The words of the second, taken from the fourth chapter of the same Book, commence with the first verse. The music is dignified and interesting, both in rhythm and harmonic progressions. The words of the third, from "The Wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach," commence, "O Death, how bitter art thou." The song is remarkable for its breadth, its simplicity of structure, and its finely wrought accompaniment. The fourth, of more consolatory character, has for its words the first three and last two verses of Corinthians i. 13. There are fine points, but it does not seem equal in inspiration to the third. Mr. Bispham interpreted the songs with skill and artistic taste, although they may not be altogether suited to his voice.

Señor Sarasate commenced a series of three concerts at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. The programme opened with Schubert's Rondo Brilliant in B minor, effectively played by the concert-giver and Dr. Otto Neitzel. Raff's Sonata for violin and pianoforte in E minor (Op. 73), which followed, is an unequal work. It is, however, showy for both performers; and though the music does not leave any deep impression, it is, in great part, pleasant to listen to. "Four Slavonic Dances," by Dvorák, admirably rendered by Sarasate, charmed the audience, and so did a dainty encore exhibiting skilful playing and bowing.

Dr. Otto Neitzel played Chopin's Ballades Nos. 3 and 4, but in inverse order, with intelligence and enthusiasm, and was well received. For the second concert a Brahms' Sonata is to be immediately followed by a Goldmark "Suite." For the third, two Sonatas are placed in juxtaposition; then follow the violin and pianoforte solos. Surely it would be better to put one of the ensemble works at the beginning of the programme, and the other at the end!

Richter programmes sometimes contain a discordant note, as, for instance, a Liszt Rhapsody, which, though good of its kind, becomes bad by position, or an ineffective novelty. Then there are the excerpts from the "Ring," which, away from the stage, are never really satisfactory. Even at the concert of Monday—the last, by the way, of a very short series—although the programme consisted of only the best music of Beethoven and Wagner, it was a mistake not to present these composers in chronological order. The Bayreuth has not eclipsed the Bonn master; yet the tone-colour of the penetrating trombones, which play such important parts in the "Meistersinger," "Tristan," and "Parsifal" Preludes, to say nothing of the rich wood-wind effects, of which the memory remained even after the sounds had ceased, spoilt to some extent the opening movement of the Choral Symphony. That great burst of sound at the commencement of the Finale of Beethoven's C minor Symphony undoubtedly owes something to the dark, mysterious passage which immediately precedes it, but very much to the fact that the trombones are then introduced into that work for the first time. So far as music is concerned, no better names could be placed in conjunction than those of Beethoven and Wagner. The same dramatic spirit animated both, while the latter turned to wonderful account the rich legacy bequeathed to him by his illustrious predecessor. The programme book contained Wagner's "Programme" of the poetical contents of the Choral Symphony. There is one sentence in it which might well, methinks, be printed in large type. Wagner feels the first three movements to be a musical commentary on certain lines of Goethe. It is not impossible that the poet's "Faust" may have been in the composer's mind when he wrote his music; but while giving his programme, Wagner admits that the three movements "might be variously interpreted." A programme, especially one emanating from a man of strong feeling and powerful intellectual gifts, and conceived in such a spirit, cannot but be welcome. There is little to say about the concert. The conductor was at his best, and that means much. The so-called Richter Choir did not, however, distinguish itself in the choral section of the Symphony, neither were the soloists, Mme. Henson, Mrs. K. Fisk, Messrs. Lloyd and Mills, all that could be desired. Mr. Lloyd sang the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" with his usual fervour, but his voice showed signs of fatigue. Every seat in Queen's Hall was sold, and many who came had to go away again. Such signs will prove to Herr Richter that at his next visit he will be welcome.

The first of the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts on Wednesday afternoon attracted a large audience. Miss Marie Tempest and Mme. Alice Gomez sang some graceful songs by Mlle. Chaminade, and were accompanied by the talented composer. Mlle. Chaminade also played two pleasing pianoforte pieces of her own. Miss Minnie Chamberlain, Miss L. Hanbury, Mr. Ben Davies, Messrs. Wolff and Hollman contributed songs and solos; and Mr. H. Bird proved, as usual, an excellent accompanist. The Meister Glee Singers added greatly to the success of the afternoon.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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